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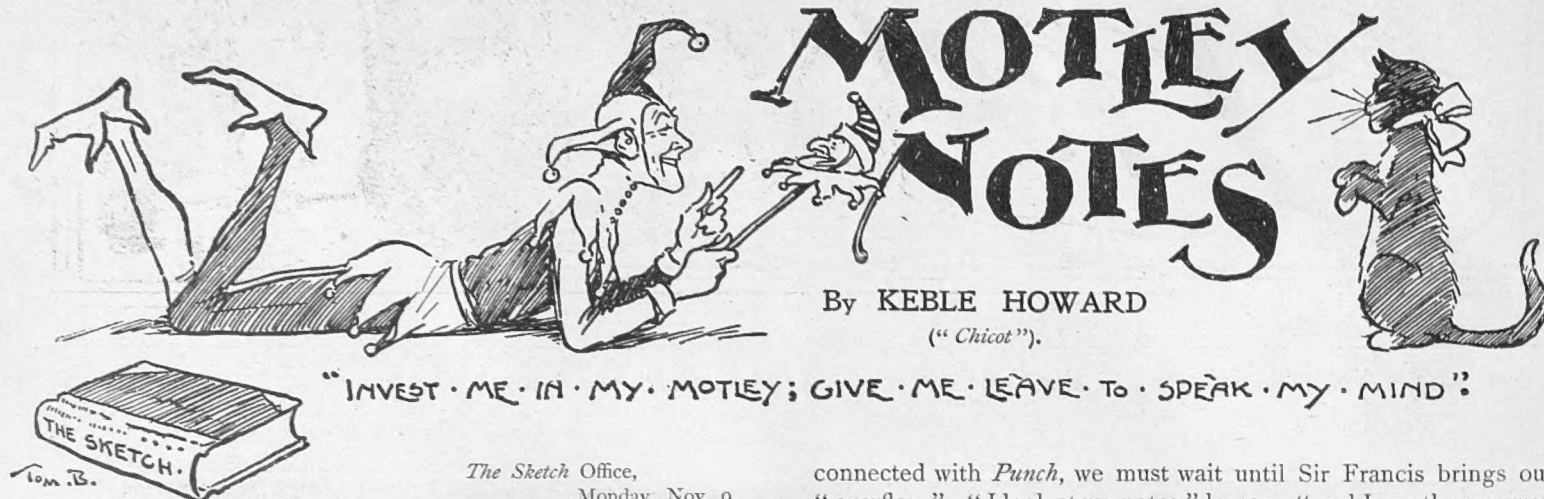
SIXPENCE.



MISS GABRIELLE RAY

AS THISBE (PRIVATE SECRETARY TO THE "MINISTER OF COMMERCE") IN "THE ORCHID," AT THE NEW GAIETY.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



By KEBLE HOWARD

("Chicot").

"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY; GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND"

The Sketch Office,
Monday, Nov. 9.

MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER, if he succeeds in abolishing the absolute necessity for evening-dress at the theatre, will earn the gratitude of every male playgoer. Whether the music-hall managers will be quite so pleased is another matter, but experience goes to show that music-hall managers, like bachelors, can take very good care of themselves. The only argument in favour of evening-dress, so far as I can gather, is on the score of the appearance of the house from the stage. "I like to see a nicely dressed house," said a popular actress with whom I was picking a quarrel on the subject. I smiled, meaningly. The lady did not understand the smile, but it implied, of course, "Why on earth should we make ourselves uncomfortable, travel thirty miles to our suburban homes and back again, ruin ourselves by taking half-a-dozen cabs, and catch cold between midnight and one o'clock simply that we may present a nice appearance, collectively, from the stage? Don't be ridiculous, my good woman!" It occurs to me, now that I come to translate my smile into cold, hard words, that it was just as well to make it enigmatic. A free-fight with a popular actress in a crowded drawing-room is rather too glaring an advertisement.

I am sorry that Mr. Alexander, in his letter to the *Daily Telegraph*, dragged in the old grievance of ladies' hats, partly because he thereby weakened his new proposition, but still more for the reason that the mention of hats has induced Mr. E. S. Willard to crack a very feeble joke. Mr. Willard suggests that in every theatre the following announcement should be prominently posted: "Elderly ladies who fear to take cold are requested not to remove their hats." Lots of people, I grant you, make jokes quite as frail as that, but then they are not exposed to the fierce light that beats about the throne of an actor-manager. However, I do not wish to press this matter too far. I see that Mr. Willard wrote his letter to the *Daily Telegraph* from the St. James's Theatre, and one must make allowances for the fact that, at the time of writing, he was probably made-up as the Cardinal. It must be very difficult to think of jokes when one is dressed as a Cardinal, and still more difficult when one is playing in a piece practically devoid of humour. At Christmas-time, no doubt, when Mr. Willard intends to revive that delightful play, "The Professor's Love Story," he will find himself able to make quite a good little joke about something. Even then, I should advise him to sleep on the jest before he sends it to a daily paper.

Talking of jokes, I managed to kill a couple of dull hours yesterday by looking through Sir Francis Burnand's "Records and Reminiscences." The best way to deal with volumes of this kind, I think, is to run through the Index and pick out the subjects that sound most interesting. Very few autobiographies will bear reading straight through; the majority, indeed, will not bear reading at all, unless one happens to be directly interested in the writer. The Editor of *Punch*, however, is to be heartily congratulated on the entertaining nature of his work. (I am referring, by the way, to "Records and Reminiscences," not to the editing of *Punch*.) There is much in these beautifully produced volumes that will appeal to the general public, and still more, of course, that will interest literary and theatrical folk. The history of "Black Eye'd Susan," and how the burlesque came to be written and produced, is told with much spirit and humour. I search the Index in vain, however, for the name of Phil May. Nor can I find any mention of Raven-Hill or Bernard Partridge. For stories of these artists, and other interesting people

connected with *Punch*, we must wait until Sir Francis brings out his "overflow." "I look at my notes," he says, "and I see there memoranda sufficient to fill volumes." Let us, then, be patient.

Everyone knows how passionately devoted to the Royal Family are the writers of Society paragraphs, but it has been reserved to the lady—it must be a lady—who attends to this important department in the *Whitehall Review* to bestow the highest possible eulogy on Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales. In the current issue of that periodical, under the appropriate heading "Light and Leading," I find the following statement: "Although it is well known that the Princess of Wales cares but little for music, and is not often seen at the Opera, she is an inveterate theatre-goer, and makes a point of seeing every new piece. She is a good critic, too, and can tell directly whether a play is going to be a success or not." Critic, quotha! A gift of that sort is far higher than the highest criticism. Indeed, I am not sure that the writer can altogether escape the charge of profanity. But there are no half-measures about the literary staff of the *Whitehall Review*. Turning over a few pages, for example, I find the theatrical gossipier alluding, in this subtle but telling manner, to some brother gossipers who are supposed to have copied his "stuff": "My dear, delightful, antediluvian contemporaries, who must be animated by the souls of octogenarian fossils." In the hands of such an one, at any rate, the dignity of English journalism is safe.

A hard man, indeed, is the Editor of *Truth*. Many a philanthropic financier has he dispirited, many an ingenious novelty-monger has he nipped in the bud. The latest victim of his eerie persiflage is a great-hearted clerical gentleman who had the temerity to advertise himself as a "professional cheerer-up." Surely, one would have thought, even the Editor of *Truth* might be touched by an advertisement so wholly sweet-blooded. Suspicion, however, batted upon frailty, compelled this journalistic sleuth-hound to ask for further particulars. Whereupon the reverend consoler, with a simplicity not far short of sublime, recommended strongly a little stimulant and a moderate use of tobacco. Turning then to the delicate question of a fee, the kindly one ventured to mention the sums of three and five guineas. "At this rate of remuneration," comments the relentless Editor of *Truth*, "the profession of cheering up should be a profitable one." Yet one must not be too hard, either, upon the Editor of *Truth*. A little pity, rather, should be bestowed upon a mind so evidently incapable of taking an idealistic view of a semi-commercial venture.

I am interested to find, in the current number of *Men and Women*, an article, by Mr. J. A. Hammerton, on my colleague, John Hassall. "Between the designing of posters," says Mr. Hammerton, "children's picture-books and book-covers, supplying illustrations for most of our humorous writers, and his work on *The Sketch*, Mr. Hassall must be one of the busiest men in London." It is true enough that Hassall is a very busy man, but, with all his application to business, he could never get through half the work he turns out were it not for the extraordinary speed at which, as a rule, he can work. About a year ago, I remember, a messenger-boy was sent from *The Sketch* office to Hassall's studio with a note that read as follows: "Please send, by return, cartoon of Kitchener." "By return," of course, the Editor meant to imply that the drawing should be in the office on the following morning. Judge of his surprise, then, on returning from his hasty lunch, to find the cartoon lying upon his desk! The invincible "Jack," taking him literally, had detained the messenger-boy and knocked off the cartoon while he waited. And, as any Constant Reader may see by turning up the number of *The Sketch* dated Oct. 29, 1902, a capital drawing it was!

THE CHAMBERLAIN CAMPAIGN UP-TO-DATE:

A PROPHET HONOURED IN HIS OWN COUNTRY.



THE CLUBMAN.

More Military Reforms—The House Beautiful for Thomas Atkins—Some of our Little Wars.

MR. ARNOLD-FORSTER'S appointment to the War Office seems likely to be followed immediately by the usual crop of announced reforms regarding the coming to maturity of which a little scepticism is natural. One of these reforms is said to be the beautification of barracks. This is a matter which will certainly be a step in the direction of making the Service popular amongst the respectable youngsters whom we want as the rank-and-file of our Army. All the old barracks are as gloomy in appearance as prisons; they are surrounded by high brick walls, and the buildings, with the exception of the officers' quarters, are as ugly as brick-and-mortar can be.

I also hope that Mr. Arnold-Forster will spend some money on the interior of the barrack-rooms. The excuse for keeping the rooms more uncomfortable than any ward in a workhouse is that Tommy Atkins, under the influence of liquor, is apt to break anything in the way of ornaments, but that is not my experience. When I commanded a Company in India, I had in my hands a little fund with which I used to procure comforts of various kinds for the men. They had clocks and curtains, door-mats, table-cloths, tea-pots, and cups and saucers. The silver cups which the Company won in any of the regimental competitions were put up on brackets in the barrack-room. The men were proud of the little additions to their comfort, and this feeling kept the glass and earthenware from any mischievous breakage. If a man returned to the rooms with rather more than his holding-capacity of native liquor, he always remembered that, if he made a sweep of the tea-cups, he was likely the next moment to know what a leather bed-strap felt like, and the strong opinion of the Company that Company property was not to be damaged made itself respected. The men of my Company were not "plaster saints," but just the ordinary men of a good infantry regiment, and they were quite ready to respond to my attempts to treat them as reasonable beings. I am sure that their like in other regiments would do the same.

"Our Little Wars and What they are About" would make a useful heading occasionally to a column in the daily papers, for we seem now to have on our hands quite a choice little selection of miniature wars and expeditions, as to the origin and locality of which the "Man in the Street" knows nothing and the "Man in the Clubs" very little. The Mad Mullah just now is, like Brer Rabbit, lying low; but India is sending an immense amount of transport to Somaliland, and, when the British advance is made, it will be with the strangest baggage-train ever seen, for most of the impedimenta are to be carried on ekkas, the rickety little carts, all string and bamboo, which are the country conveyance of the Indian natives and which are drawn by country-bred "tats," angular little ponies who thrive on sand, dry grass, and a good deal of beating.

Aden, just across the Red Sea Straits from Somaliland, has its own little war on hand, and three hundred men of the "Buffs" were to have marched against the foe if their camel-drivers had not bolted as soon as the order to march was given. In the early days of our occupation of Aden it used to be a very lively place for the garrison, for the fanatic Arabs used to swim round the Point and run amok amongst the soldiers at night. Then came a time when the burnt-out volcano which constitutes Aden itself was safe enough, but the Aden troops camped on the long spit of land which joins the promontory to the mainland were always on active service against the hostile clans. Now, Aden has its hinterland, as all well-established tropical colonies have, and the British influence has to make itself felt over that portion of the map which has a red rim to it. Our neighbours in those parts are the Turks, and some of the most troublesome of our subjects, when they have done anything especially atrocious, think that they would prefer the Sultan as suzerain in place of the King-Emperor. Then the British troops find some occupation other than watching the thermometer.

The expedition which is to march into Thibet, and which will probably consist of three regiments under Colonel Younghusband, may have exciting experiences. The Thibetans have to come to a settlement regarding various questions, and they are in no way responsive. It may be necessary for the escort to advance as far as that forbidden city, Lhasa, and the march on to the "roof of the world" would be a very interesting one.



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King Edward.

Lady Alexandra Duff.

Princess Charles of Denmark.

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NORA CHESSON.
THOMAS COBB.
PERCY GREENBANK.
ROY HORNIMAN.
KEBLE HOWARD.
KATHARINE TYNAN.

ARTISTS.

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SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK



GOSSEP

KING EDWARD, the recipient of so many unique gifts from Fate, has the unique privilege of celebrating his birthday twice over each year. His Majesty's real birthday, however, is always spent on his Norfolk estate, where he entertains a number of shooting friends and guests. The ninth of November, of such wide significance to the whole Empire, is in very truth a red-letter day at Sandringham. The poorest and the humblest

in New York, must lose something by the fact that the bride is in deep family mourning, owing to the lamented death of Sir Michael Herbert; but, even so, the function will be very imposing and have several features peculiar to American nuptials. Thus, in addition to a bevy of charming bridesmaids, of whom no fewer than seven are daughters of the "Stars and Stripes," there will be a group of good-looking ushers, at the head of whom stands the Duke's best man, the handsome Mr. Reginald Ward, Lord Dudley's brother. Perfectly splendid are the new Duchess's jewels, and the happy bridegroom is presenting the bridesmaids and ushers with brooches and pins formed of the letters "M. R." in diamonds, surmounted by the ducal coronet.

A Wedding Month. November is breaking the record in the matter of smart weddings—indeed, when one looks down the list of matrimonial functions, we might well be in the midst of June rather than in chill autumn. On the 26th, three great Society weddings are to be celebrated, the brides being Lady Beatrix Taylour, Miss Weetman Pearson, and Miss Valerie Crespigny.

have reason to be thankful that Edward VII. some consider the dreariest month of the year. Substantial gifts of food are distributed, and the King and Queen themselves take a personal interest in the birthday celebration of both high and low.

Their Majesties' Coming Guests.

The King and Queen will extend a very warm and affectionate welcome to the youthful Sovereigns of Italy. The King was much attached to King Humbert, and Queen Alexandra knew the beautiful Helena of Montenegro in the days when she was still a schoolgirl at St. Petersburg. Great preparations will be made to give our Italian visitors a right royal welcome in the Royal Borough, and if they attend—which they are almost certain to do—the great Sale of Irish Industries at the White Hart Hotel, they will see a marvellous gathering of fair women and brave men, for all the leading Irish beauties will be in charge of the stalls. An interesting feature of the Royal visit will be a performance of "David Garrick" in the Waterloo Chamber by Sir Charles Wyndham and his Company.

A Touching Royal Function.

There was a large and most touching gathering at Windsor last Friday (Nov. 6) in order to witness the unveiling of the statue of Prince Christian Victor of Schleswig-Holstein. Lord Roberts paid a notable tribute to the gallant young Prince's fine military character, and it must have been a great consolation to his sorrowing parents to feel that their eldest son had, if a short, such a well-spent life. The statue shows the soldier-nephew of our Sovereign in full military uniform, is strikingly like him, and has naturally aroused great interest in the town where he was, as a boy and young man, so often seen in company with his popular mother and pretty sisters. The monument is near the "Hundred Steps," and is a great addition to Windsor, already rich in Royal statuary.

The King's Cup.

King Edward has offered the Club Nautique of Nice a silver cup which will be raced for next year. The trophy will be called "King Edward the Seventh's Mediterranean Cup," and the course will be from Gibraltar to Nice. The race will be open to yachts of all nations, but no race will be held unless at least five yachts go to the starting-point. The King has always been a warm supporter of the regattas on the Riviera, and his action in giving this cup to be raced for at Nice has caused the liveliest satisfaction among the yachtsmen who frequent the South of France.

The Great Ducal Wedding.

Two continents are taking (as I write) a vivid interest in the marriage of Miss May Goelet and the Duke of Roxburghe. Of course, the splendour of the ceremony, which is to take place



MISS MAY GOELET, THE BRIDE-ELECT OF THE DUKE OF ROXBURGHE.

Photograph by Lallie Charles, Titchfield Road, N.W.

A Wedding at Battle Abbey.

Thrice strange it is that the one great wholly American wedding of modern days which has taken place in England—that of Mr. Carnegie's millionaire partner, Mr. J. Phipps, and Miss Marguerite Grace—should have taken place in so essentially-British a stronghold as Battle Abbey. Where Normans and Saxons fought to the death unnumbered years ago, a brilliant party of friends gathered together last week (4th) in order to wish the best of good luck to the young couple who, though American by birth, have elected to make this country their home. Battle Abbey forms an ideal background for such a pretty scene. The beautiful old house itself, the ruins, and the splendid gardens which were tended with so much loving affection by the old Duchess of Cleveland, breathe the true spirit of romance, and Mr. and Mrs. J. Phipps are to be congratulated on beginning their married life amid such delightful surroundings.

New Ambassadors. Sir Mortimer Durand, most accomplished of diplomatists, and, it may be added, most versatile of Ambassadors, for he once wrote a very successful novel, is succeeded at Madrid by his old friend, Sir Edwin Egerton, who is well known to our Royal Family, for during his stay at Athens he won the high regard and friendship of Queen Alexandra's King-brother. Lady Egerton has long been one of the most accomplished and remarkable members of the brilliant group who compose our Ambassadors.

machine, a prying Phroso without a single "Hope I don't intrude"; the soldier, the braggart and brave man, the D'Artagnan of a later century, is flesh and blood: he lives and moves and has his being. His latest, and his last, adventures are every whit as entertaining as his first, and we follow his flamboyant course as eagerly as he himself, whether it lead to the loss of his ear, the capture of Saragossa, the slaying of the fox, the saving of an army, a triumph in England, a ride to Minsk, the field of Waterloo, or Longwood. Perhaps, however, the flood-gates of the old soldier's memory will one day be re-opened. Such things are possible.

The Pope.

It would greatly astonish the British public (writes an Italian correspondent) if in aristocratic circles in London the question were openly discussed whether or not the Archbishop of Canterbury would live out his natural term of years or would succumb to the wiles of hired poisoners. To a foreigner living in Italy, it jars with quite as much force and unpleasant sensation to hear ladies in the best Italian circles openly and calmly discussing the same question in relation to the new Pope, Pius X. It is difficult not to believe that one is transported for the nonce into the Middle Ages, or merely deeply interested in plots as set forth by blood-curdling modern novels. And yet I am not exaggerating in the least when I say, as I emphatically do, that it is the common talk in Rome at the present time that Pope Pius X. is not looking at all himself, and that



WHO WERE MARRIED LAST WEDNESDAY AT BATTLE ABBEY. MR. PHIPPS IS THE MILLIONAIRE PARTNER OF MR. ANDREW CARNEGIE.

Photographs by H. Walter Barnett, Hyde Park Corner.

She belongs by birth to the highest Russian nobility, but is quite cosmopolitan, speaking half-a-dozen languages as if she were a native of each country. Madrid is a more important Diplomatic centre than is commonly supposed, and of late years many distinguished English people visit Spain each winter.

New Hostesses. This winter will see a group of interesting hostesses, including, of course, the latest fair wearer of the strawberry-leaves. There is a rumour that the Duke of Roxburghe intends to build a stately mansion in Belgravia or Mayfair, in this following the example of his first-cousin, the Duke of Marlborough. Yet another charming addition to the ranks of hostesses will be Lady Gwendolen Guinness. She and her husband have just taken the Duke and Duchess of Teck's roomy old house in Devonshire Place. Mrs. J. Phipps also joins the Anglo-American entertainers, and the new Lady Kerry will doubtless help her mother-in-law to do the honours of Lansdowne House.

"Adventures of Gerard." The readers of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's book will lay it aside, or return it to the custody of the circulating library, as their custom may be, with but a single regret, and that a compliment to the author. The cause for it lies in a single sentence, but is ample: "Gentlemen, an old soldier salutes you and bids you farewell." It is the end of Etienne Gerard. Second to being the creator of Sherlock Holmes, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is most widely known as the creator of Gerard. Strictly, we believe that the order should be reversed. The detective, after all, is little more than a

the Jesuits are secretly and mysteriously undermining his health in order to rid themselves of one who is far too independent and too willing to abandon mediæval customs and adopt more modern and sensible modes of living.

For my part, I do not attribute much importance to the rumour itself, the rumour would make a most excellent "story," as the American journalists would call it, for the American Yellow Press. But the fact that such ideas should be soberly entertained and openly discussed in drawing-rooms and in public cafés strikes me, as an unbiassed onlooker of English birth and education, as most interesting and most symptomatic of the opinions entertained by cultured people regarding that mysterious, almost uncanny, institution called the Vatican. There is not a shadow of doubt but that Pope Pius X., as far as he himself is concerned, desires to leave the Vatican prison and roam at will throughout Rome and the whole of Italy. This, however, would not suit the book of the Vatican bigwigs, who would lose caste and position immediately were such a change to be effected in the Papal Court. Thus it is that it is seriously believed and publicly opined that many would fain shatter the health of this modern Pope and replace him at his demise by one of the old and narrow school.

"Tales of Lord Nelson" and "Joseph and his Brethren," published by Messrs. Macdonald and Martin, and illustrated in colour and black-and-white by Mr. James Greig, are written in a manner that will appeal to the imagination of children. These little sixpenny books are printed in beautifully clear type and the stout covers bear coloured drawings by Mr. Greig illustrative of the text.



MRS. EDWARD TENNANT, SISTER OF THE RIGHT HON. GEORGE WYNDHAM.

Photograph by Speaight, Regent Street, W.

Royal Lady Artist.

The Duchess of Argyll, still better known by most of King Edward's loving subjects under her old name of Princess Louise, is at the present moment the most successful of Royal artists. From earliest childhood she showed a marked aptitude for both sculpture and drawing, and she has given up many years of her life to serious study, at one time working daily with her cousin, the genial and kindly sculptor who, though a Prince, preferred to be known as Count Gleichen. Princess Louise is very proud of the fact that she has often had her work exhibited, especially in foreign galleries, where the identity of the artist was quite unsuspected. She is fonder of sculpture than she is of oil-painting or of water-colour, and she has done some really fine statuary, particularly charming being the presentment of her own mother as "The Maiden Monarch." This extremely attractive and original statue is in Kensington Gardens. The Princess is as fond of travelling as is the Duke of Argyll, and together they have made more than one long and romantic journey on the Continent, deliberately choosing those places where the ordinary tourist never dreams of going. Of course, one of the most exciting episodes in their joint lives was the then Lord Lorne's Viceroyalty of Canada. Her Royal Highness has retained the most affectionate regard for "Our Lady of the Snows." She still keeps in close touch with some of the leading Canadians whom she entertained at Rideau Hall, and she is very fond of receiving distinguished Colonials in her delightful suite of apartments at Kensington Palace.

Lord Brooke.

Few elder sons of Peers start life with fairer prospects than the martial-looking Lord Brooke, who, while still an Eton boy, went out to the War and distinguished himself by his pluck and good sense—a combination more often heard of than seen. In spite of his youth—his parents have not yet entirely completed the celebrations in honour of his twenty-first birthday—Lord Brooke has often helped his mother in entertaining large parties of friends, both at Brook House and at Warwick Castle. Lady Warwick early determined that her children should not suffer from that most painful form of self-consciousness, a shy manner; and, accordingly, both her son and daughter are quite unaffected, and ready to play their part in making those about them feel at ease and happy. Lord Helmsley, whose engagement to Lady Marjorie Greville was recently announced, is a great friend of his future brother-in-law, and they both seem determined to leave the world better than they found it—a highly laudable if somewhat quixotic ambition.

Mrs. Tennant.

Mrs. Edward Tennant is known to all lovers of art as having been the prettiest of the three beautiful sisters whose group-portrait by Mr. Sargent was the sensation not only of a Season but of a decade. Mr. George Wyndham, to whom

The New Congo Decoration.

King Leopold of Belgium evidently thinks that his Congo Free State wants an extra coat of whitewash just now, for he has instituted a new Order for the officials of the State which is to be called "The Order of Leopold II." The Order is divided into six classes; the decoration of the first five classes consists of a gold or silver cross surrounded by a wreath of palm-leaves in the same metals. The centre of the cross bears a shield, with the Arms of the Congo State in a ring of blue enamel, and the motto "Work and Progress," and on the reverse are two "L's" entwined. The first four classes have the cross in gold, the fifth in silver, while the sixth class has a medal with the cross stamped in relief in gold, silver, or bronze. The ribbon of the decoration is dark blue with a black stripe in the centre.

The Heir of Austria.

The eventual heir to the uneasy crown of Austria-Hungary is the Archduke Charles Francis Joseph, son of the Archduke Otto and nephew of the heir-presumptive, the Archduke Francis Ferdinand. The young Prince has just celebrated his sixteenth birthday, and the Emperor has therefore made him a lieutenant in a regiment of Uhlans. The Archduke Francis Ferdinand, having contracted a morganatic marriage, his children cannot succeed to the throne, and therefore, after his death, the crown will pass to his brother Otto, and eventually to the latter's son, the young Archduke Charles, who by this appointment enters into public life as his great-uncle's heir.

A Future Marquis.

Lord Kerry, who has just become engaged to Miss Elsie Hope, is one of the most popular officers, belonging to that most popular regiment, the Irish Guards. He saw a good deal of rough service during the South African War, and was till lately regarded as a confirmed bachelor—in fact, he is, perhaps, the only elder son whose engagement has never been rumoured. Lord Kerry strongly recalls his mother in personal appearance, and he is like many of his good-looking uncles, the brothers of the Duke of Abercorn. His bride-elect is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Hope, and a niece of Lord Rosebery's sister, Lady Mary Hope, and also of Mrs. Murray Guthrie. Miss Hope is only eighteen. The wedding will be one of the most important matrimonial events of the winter season.



A DISTINGUISHED LADY ARTIST: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUCHESS OF ARGYLL.

Photograph by Mendelssohn, Pembroke Crescent, W.



LORD BROOKE, SON OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF WARWICK.

Photograph by H. Walter Barnett, Hyde Park Corner.

*The late
Professor Mommsen.*

Germany is appreciably the poorer, both mentally and morally, for the death of Professor Theodor Mommsen (writes our Correspondent in Berlin). Despite his extreme age, Mommsen was at the meridian of his intellectual powers when quite suddenly he passed away; only seven years ago, indeed, he published his most learned and potent work on Roman State Law. The moral grandeur of the historian was, perhaps, even more valuable to Germany than his intellect. It is the dearth of character that impresses the foreign spectator of this country as its main deficiency. As a character, Mommsen was unique. This was manifested in few things more strikingly than his consistent rejection of Court distinctions as the reward of learning.

Though a confirmed hater of excessive national egoism, it is curious to note how, at various times in his career, Mommsen excited the hostility of foreign nations. Both France and England had occasion in the days of their stress to resent his strictures. America he never publicly attacked, and thereby hangs a tale which the late American Ambassador, Mr. Andrew White, used to recount. At the time of the Spanish-American War, Mommsen informed his friend the Ambassador that he was about to publish an article severely condemning American Jingoism. Mr. White asked to see the manuscript. The historian complied with the request, and, on reading the document, his Excellency at once saw that, if published, it would intensify the fury of American patriotism against German criticism. He impressed Mommsen with the circumstance that, as a historian and savant, he enjoyed the veneration of the entire educated world in the United States. "Why," said Mr. White, "destroy this veneration by indulging in political recrimination?" The historian accepted the advice of his diplomatic friend, and his attack on the Transatlantic Republic never saw the light of day.

Mommsen would have been fortunate if he had possessed German friends who could have advised the suppression of some of his essays on political controversies of a domestic order. Mommsen survived Professor Virchow, his compatriot and contemporary in greatness, just over a year. Of the triumvirate of great octogenarians who incorporated German ideals in the provinces of science, history, and art, there now remains only Adolf Menzel, who is known by the sobriquet of "Little Excellency," and who, if I mistake not, will be ninety years old next December.

*Death of Gustav
von Moser.*

In addition to Mommsen, Germany has also been deprived of Gustav von Moser, that bright, sunny spirit who for more than fifty years had kept laughter alive on the German stage. Moser's comedies are well known (need I mention "The Arabian Nights" and "The Private Secretary"?) as some of the most mirthful that have ever been adapted to the English theatrical disposition. Shortly before his death he had a glass urn prepared for his cremated remains. Into this urn he placed the ashes of the addresses of honour and wreath dedications of which he had been the recipient during his long career. "My own ashes," he smilingly explained to a friend, "will be placed on these, so that I shall rest literally and eternally on my laurels."

"Five o'clock teas" are the latest social innovation in Berlin. The new institution, which was opened on Saturday at the Kaiserhof, is under the protection of the Hereditary Princess of Wied and an aristocratic Committee of ladies. For eighteen pence anyone between the hours of four and six may now enjoy the convivial cup in conversation with Society friends. The charms of coffee are being slowly effaced, it seems, even in Germany, by the beverage which it is Mr. Chamberlain's desire to liberate from all fiscal impositions.

Nationalist papers in Paris have of late been making a great to-do over the pretended recall of the British Ambassador from the

Embassy in Paris, on account, it is said, of his not being sufficiently Francophil. Of course, this is all an invention of the papers opposed to a better understanding with England, for it is well known that Sir Edmund Monson would have retired after the King's Coronation had not his presence in Paris been considered indispensable. At the British Embassy it is said that Sir Edmund will, at any rate, not retire from the Diplomatic Service until the end of next year.

An Alpine Accident. Rather more than thirteen years ago, a guide named André Untersteiner was lost in the Austrian Alps. It was supposed that he had fallen into a crevasse, but all attempts to find his body proved unavailing. Meanwhile, the glaciers slowly slipped downwards into the valley, and a short time ago, near the village of Grossvenediger, a body was discovered frozen hard in the ice at the foot of a glacier. John Untersteiner immediately recognised the body as that of his long-lost brother, André, and it was with some difficulty that the remains of the unfortunate guide were extricated from the ice which had entombed him for so long.



THE MISSES GRACE AND SYBIL ARUNDALE.

Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann.

The Grand Duke and Queen Victoria.

It is an interesting sign of the times that a Russian Grand Duke should have been asked to unveil a statue of Queen Victoria in so typically an English town as Newcastle-under-Lyme. His Imperial Highness paid a most touching tribute to our late Sovereign, remarking that "Queen Victoria had a large, kind heart and sympathised with the woes of the humblest of her subjects." The Grand Duke Michael and his charming wife have become English by adoption; they spend half the year in this country, and the Grand Duke is actually High Steward of the Borough of Newcastle-under-Lyme.

On the 25th a very novel form of Festival Dinner will take place at one of the smart restaurants. The stewards are to be ladies instead of men, and the Duke of Connaught, who has never before taken part in a purely Society function of the kind, will preside. The fair "stewards" include two Duchesses, their Graces of Marlborough and Westminster, Lady Granby, Lady Savile, Mrs. Ronny Greville, Mrs. Hwfa Williams, and Lady Clementine Waring. The Charity to be benefited is the Hospital and Home for Incurable Children.

Sketch readers will probably remember that some little time ago we published a picture of Mr. Tom Browne, the black-and-white artist, "on his grey mare hunter, 'Blizzard.'" In these days of fads and fancies, however, nobody will be surprised to learn that Mr. Browne has supplemented his hunter with a motor-car, and we now have great pleasure in presenting Mr. Tom Browne "on his light American automobile, 'Stormy Petrol.'" Who would not be a black-and-white artist?

The Diplomatic Mecca.

Lord Palmerston used to say that there was only one climate which he found suited every type of diplomatic constitution, and that that, curiously enough, was the cold and windy or torrid and breathless one of Paris. The same might almost be said nowadays of Washington. Although the pay is less, and the worry, it is whispered, more, the post of British Ambassador to the United States has come to be regarded as one of the blue ribands of the Diplomatic Service, and Sir Mortimer Durand is much envied in his appointment by his many friends.

A Novelist-Politician.

Mr. William O'Brien, whose announcement last week concerning the Irish Party caused a certain sensation, is an industrious novelist as well as a hard-working politician. He began life as a journalist, and his paper, *United Ireland*, is probably the only organ of public opinion published in the United Kingdom having a large circulation in America. Mr. O'Brien was for some years one of Mr. Parnell's most popular bachelor lieutenants, and his engagement to Mdle. Raffalowitch was quite a romance, for he made her acquaintance owing to the fact that she had translated his first novel in London.

The wedding took place in London, and it is said that on this occasion Mr. Parnell made his first appearance in a Roman Catholic church.

It will be interesting to see if "Lord Wolseley's Book," as it is being described in the advertisements, will rival our present Commander-in-Chief's "Forty-one Years in India." The famous soldier to whom Queen Victoria showed such marked favour has always been something of a scribe, and since his retirement from the post now held by Lord Roberts he has given up nearly the whole of his time to literary work. Few men have so complete and so well-selected a military library, and it contains practically everything of importance published on the

Napoleonic wars. Many a great novelist and professional maker of books might envy Lord Wolseley his delightful and unpretentious country retreat, Glynde, in Sussex. Originally an old farm-house, Glynde has been transformed by Lady Wolseley and her clever, energetic daughter into a dream of beauty and comfort.

Amateur Theatricals.

The amateur theatrical section of Society, which includes some of their Majesties' most intimate younger friends, is determined that this winter shall see a great many successful productions. The season opens brilliantly with a series of performances this week at the Court Theatre, the proceeds to benefit a Royal Charity. Elaborate private theatricals will be the order of the day at Chatsworth, when the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire gather round them their usual December house-parties, and Mrs. Willie James, herself an admirable actress, is hoping to organise a first-rate amateur company at West Dean Park.



MR. TOM BROWNE ON HIS LIGHT AMERICAN AUTOMOBILE, "STORMY PETROL,"
COMPANION TO THE GREY MARE HUNTER, "BLIZZARD."

Photograph by Adams, Blackheath.



A POPULAR TURN AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME: CAPTAIN WOODWARD AND HIS PERFORMING SEALS.

SMALL TALK ON THE CONTINENT.

[FROM "THE SKETCH" CORRESPONDENTS.]

PARIS.

Paris is always a study for the psychologist, but never more so than on the "Day of the Dead," following All Souls' Day, when rich and poor alike, Jews, Catholics, Protestants, Atheists, and members of the hundred-and-one lesser-known faiths or non-faiths which exist in Paris, make pilgrimages to all the cemeteries of the capital. It usually drizzles on the "Jour des Morts," and usually clears up during the afternoon, which may, perhaps, account for the peculiarities of the Parisians on the day. The morning sees them trooping to the cemeteries, dressed all in black and carrying wreaths and bouquets of chrysanthemums or immortelles. A few moments are spent over the grave, and, as they leave the cemetery's gates behind them, the mourning look of all of them except their clothing disappears, and the remainder of the day, which is a holiday in Paris, is given up to feasting and to fun. The theatres and music-halls nearly all give matinées on the "Day of the Dead," and, this year, Montmartre Fair, which happened to have started on the Sunday, was literally thronged with folk in black from noon till midnight. Nothing more curiously inappropriate can be imagined than the sight which met my eye every moment of ladies in the long crape streamers Frenchwomen wear for their dead relatives careering round on "Cochon-Carrousels" or shrieking wildly as the "Montagnes Russes" rushed up and down.

It may, perhaps, not be known generally that the "Day of the Dead's" cult in Paris is worth an income of ten thousand pounds a-year to the small village of Ollioules, in the environs of Toulon, which lives entirely by the cultivation of the immortelle. The immortelle needs special ground and special care, and must be carefully protected from the dew. If this be not done, a small black spot appears in the heart of the flower, which grows and carries off the plant with phthisis. Immortelles have to be watered, but during the heat of the day only, so that they may be dried immediately; and there is, it would seem, nowhere in Europe but Ollioules where immortelles will grow. The flowers, which look like little artichokes while they are growing, are plucked before the buds have opened, and made into crowns and wreaths immediately. They are then laid away in garrets, to get dry, and open, and are packed and sent away, fetching about two pounds for five-and-twenty kilogrammes, for immortelles are sold entirely by weight. And so the cult of France's dead makes one small corner of the country live.

Paris is becoming quite *blasé* in the matter of Kings, and, although the King of Greece has been most cordially welcomed, the curiosity which former Royal visitors aroused is altogether wanting. His Majesty is popular in France, and those Parisians who go down to Aix-lès-Bains each season know him well and are loud in praise of his

simplicity and cordiality of manner. "But," as the Vicomte said to me the other day, "we have so many Kings this summer that we mix up their national hymns. The only national hymn we really know and are quite certain of is 'Viens Poupoule'!"

ROME.

The visit of the King of Italy to England is bringing the latter country into more prominence than ever among Italians, and very nice things are being said about us as a nation in every quarter. London and Windsor are being constantly written of just now, and Italian orthography in such descriptions is causing many an amused smile to flicker over the mouths of the British readers of Italian journals. Even the go-ahead *Giornale d'Italia* teems daily with mistakes in spelling when talking of England and English customs. We learn, for instance, that the King of Italy will touch at "Porthstsmouth," will visit the "Horx Guands," and will be entertained at the "Guillhall," the "Guilball," and the "Guilpall"! In one paper the name was written, I am told, the "Gull-Hall"! Mr. Chamberlain is styled invariably as "Sir Joe," and so on *ad infinitum*.

King Victor Emmanuel is now happy in the knowledge that he possesses a brand-new Ministry; his country is likewise equally joyous at having a fresh subject on which to wrangle and wax turbulent and irate. Poor Signor Giolitti! Who would be a Premier for choice? Rather would I ply the humble trade of boot-cleaner in the Piazza San Silvestro in Rome than be Premier in Italy. He is attacked on all sides without mercy for selecting as Minister for Foreign Affairs a hitherto unknown quantity in the shape of Signor Tittoni. The latter's selection is compared, and, to a certain extent, justly, with that by the Pope of Monsignore Merry del Val. Neither had before actually been in the Diplomatic Service. Each of the two is said to be very capable and shrewd. Signor Tittoni

speaks English fluently; indeed, he was for some time in residence at the University of Oxford.

The King of Italy has a great liking for English people and for those of his countrymen who are acquainted with the English language and with English customs. One of his great friends is Count Balzani, who is extremely well known in Oxford circles and speaks English with extraordinary fluency and correctness. Count Balzani is a great advocate of the English system of education, and one of his daughters is now at Newnham. Signor Luzzatti, too, the new Minister of the Treasury, speaks English very well and is deeply versed in English affairs; only this week he published a most readable article on the British Fiscal question. Baron Sonnino, the indefatigable leader of the Opposition, too, speaks English like an Englishman.



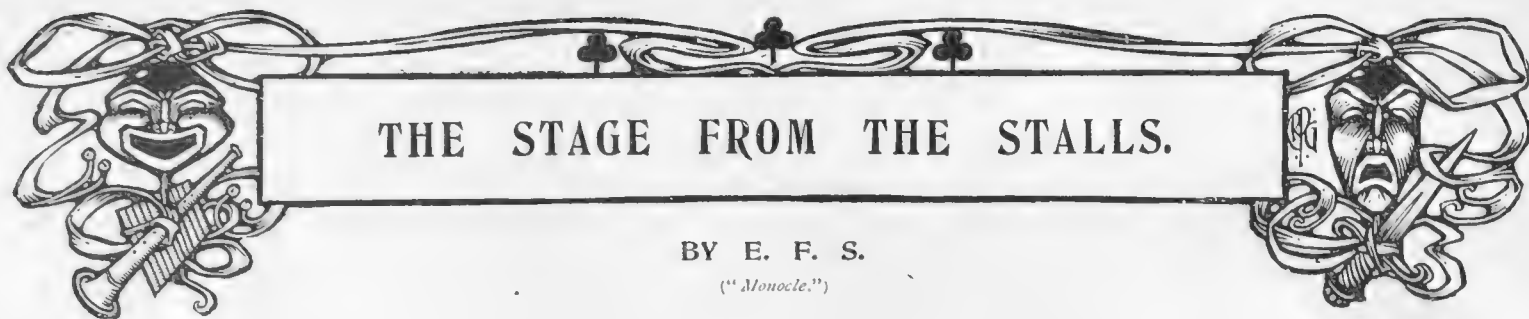
MDLE. JUNIORI, THE CELEBRATED PARISIAN CHANTEUSE NOW APPEARING AT THE EMPIRE.

Photograph by W. and D. Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.



THE SNAKE-CHARMER.

DRAWN BY LEONARD LINSDELL.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

BY E. F. S.

("Monocle.")

THE GERMAN THEATRE AND "MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE."

THE GERMAN THEATRE SOCIETY had such a house on the opening night of its fifth season as to make it clear that at last the German colony is alive to its existence and merits. Seeing that the colony is as large as the population of a good-sized German city, it is remarkable that we did not long ago have something like a permanent German theatre here. The wonder is quite as great that the large French colony is content with mere flying visits of "stars" whose programmes are not chosen for their compatriots, but for us. The Germans are really acting wisely in that, although the Companies have been remarkably rich in admirable and even brilliant players, no "star" element is shown in choice of pieces or mode of production, and, as a result, in many instances the Society has given performances which, for general quality, are rarely equalled in our playhouses. The piece chosen for the first-night, Sudermann's "Der Sturmgesselle Sokrates," causes one to pause and think. Here is a satirical comedy, without any pretence of love-interest in principle or auxiliary plot, and kept on the plane of comedy throughout, which delighted an audience. We are accustomed to laugh at the Germans as being too sentimental, yet it is believed that without a spice of sentiment no play will succeed in this country. If we present a "dry" work, so far as theme is concerned, there is certain to be some element of love in it, even if dragged in, though essentially irrelevant. A few classic works form the exception. Off-hand, one can recollect, perhaps, three modern English pieces that form something like departures—"Gudgeons," far less successful than it should have been; "Pilkerton's Peerage," brilliant and successful; and "The Manœuvres of Jane"; but in each of these, though the dry and satirical predominate, a sentimental love-interest is important.

It seems a surprising assumption that the clash of the sexes is so necessary on our stage; of course, it is embarrassing to our playwrights, and has, in many instances, caused the ruin, from an artistic point of view, of excellent comedies. It is well to state, briefly at least, the subject of Sudermann's work. Hartmeyer, an elderly dentist, is inhabitant of a little town in East Prussia. During the troubles in 1848 he suffered imprisonment because he fought for revolutionary ideas. Afterwards, he and a few old friends formed a little seditious Club, and held secret meetings. Time passed, the Franco-German War happened, and by 1875, when the play opens, great changes had occurred in political life; but the Club went on holding its meetings, ignorant of the fact that its functions had been fulfilled, and that, instead of fighting for freedom, it was really playing an innocuous but naughty game. "Sokrates" Hartmeyer (for "Sokrates" was the pseudonym admiringly given to him in the Club) continued earnestly to conspire—at nothing. He was bravely struggling for a lost cause, lost because it was won. He and his old friend, Rabbi Marcuse, resolved to make their sons members of the Club and to dedicate them to the lost cause.

The young men were unenthusiastic. They thought that the Club was something like what it pretended to be, and were not sympathetic with the views of their fathers: one of them had even joined a "smart University corps" and bore his badge of membership on his cheeks. However, they submitted reluctantly, and were elected. Storms arose, very comic storms; the Club was dissolved because Baron Laucke persuaded his fellow-members, save, indeed, "Sokrates," that it had become an anachronism. Hartmeyer remained staunch, and told his sons they must leave the family roof. Danger was threatened: the authorities had raided the Club and found its wicked records in the bedroom of Ida, the blonde, buxom maid of the inn where the Club met; but the documents excused if they did not justify the existence of the Club. Fritz, Hartmeyer's elder son, not only persuaded the authorities that there was no need to prosecute his father—the meetings of the Club, doubtless, were illegal—but even induced the Government to bestow on the poor old dentist a Royal decoration, which, after giving a few minutes' pleasure, humiliated him by destroying all his illusions.

Except for some clever, slightly farcical scenes with Ida, whose part was capably acted by Fräulein Emma Frühling, the women characters are unimportant. This work, by its quiet humour and sometimes rather noisy little comic episodes and its remarkable collection of finely drawn characters, interested the audience immensely. Why can't we—some of whom, at least, are getting rather tired of "the love interest"—have occasionally a work like this, or like "An Enemy of Society," dealing with aspects of life which certainly

interest us deeply outside the playhouse? So admirable was the whole performance of "Der Sturmgesselle Sokrates" that it is hard to choose names for praise, but, at any rate, Herren Carl Leisner (the Hartmeyer), Walther, Andresen, Max Behrend, Rogall, Richter, and Ziegler must be mentioned.

It appears to me that I might have mentioned "Little Mary" as a "dry" comedy; but, when I think of the conclusion of the love intrigue dragged in between Moira and the Earl of Carlton, it seems to me that Mr. Barrie's exceedingly clever and successful work is a remarkably good instance of a concession for the public's assumed craving for treacle. It appears that even our most prosperous playwright durst not run any risk.

What a change from the German play at the Royalty to the American piece at the Imperial, from Sudermann's work to "Monsieur Beaucaire," revived by Mr. Lewis Waller and received with every sign of success! In the one no love-interest, in the other sentiment *in excelsis*. No wonder that, if our managers find that this romantic drama can run for more than a year, they leave drier works alone. However, the attractions of "Monsieur Beaucaire" are obvious and to many irresistible. If you have the romantic feeling (in matters theatrical), you can enjoy your fill in the story of Lady Mary and the young French Prince, but it is permissible for some to remain unsympathetic and to feel that the piece is not pitched in such an atmosphere of fancy as to excuse its colossal contempt for good sense.

It is typical of this class of play that the wicked Duke and the disguised Prince sit down to play cards and hand from one to another huge stacks of bank-notes without even condescending to such a detail as that of mentioning to one another what stakes they are playing for! I am told one critic suggests that they could not have used bank-notes at all in 1725; but this suggestion seems ill-founded, since, as a matter of fact, the Bank of England issued twenty-pound notes about thirty years earlier. However, I learn that my views concerning the piece are altogether inaccurate, for I read in a halfpenny morning—and we all know how much confidence should be placed in anything stated in halfpenny morning papers—that "this fine old English comedy is old enough to be still new, and it deserves to be known by modern audiences as familiarly as 'The School for Scandal' and 'She Stoops to Conquer.'" This comes as rather a surprise, and it is startling to think that, instead of entertaining an angel unawares, I have been criticising one by mistake. It will also, I fancy, be news to Messrs. Tarkington and Sutherland, who, I am told, are still, happily, in the flesh, that they have written an *old* English comedy. Our American cousins are said to be very go-ahead, and it is alleged that these gentlemen belong to the other greatest nation on earth, but it seems curiously un-go-ahead to write an *old* English comedy. Jove nods, and the *Daily Mail* may be playing in this matter the part of a Mandarin—one of those Mandarins that appeared in a row on the mantelpiece at the Haymarket in "The Clandestine Marriage." According to this paper, it has "that almost lost trick of combining the comedy of manners with a real romance and a most exquisite grace and brilliancy of surface." I am not quite sure I know what this means, but it indicates that this sentimental work has enthusiastic admirers, and, since it appears in its new home under even more favourable circumstances than at the Comedy, one may predict another long run. Indeed, the audience at the Imperial was enthusiastic.

Mr. Lewis Waller's performance is still remarkably good, though not so good as it was, for he does a little roaring when very emphatic that is quaint, and has a tendency now to pay rather too much attention to the comic side of the character; however, his work deserves to be seen, for it is amazingly skilful, and I am told that, as the French Prince, he fascinates all our ladies. Miss Grace Lane, so I read in the article to which I have referred, "is all that a greedy imagination could wish," and in one scene her acting "is a remarkable masterpiece in the true art of comedy of behaviour. The elaborate and captivating coquetry, with a dash of gallant indiscretion lying below the surface, is one of the triumphs of acting." I am not sufficiently certain what this means to agree with it unhesitatingly, but, at least, wish to say that the pretty actress plays her part charmingly; also one may add that Messrs. Long, Howe, Lewis, and Kingston act very well.

AMERICAN PLAYERS IN LONDON: TWO WELCOME INVADERS.



MISS MABELLE GILLMAN AS "DOLLY VARDEN," AT THE AVENUE.



MISS BILLIE BURKE, NOW PLAYING MAMIE RECKFELLER IN "THE SCHOOL GIRL," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S.

Photographs by W. and D. Dooney, Ebury Street, S.W.

"THE SKETCH" PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS.

"A GLORIFIED Christmas-card." It was in such disparaging terms that a "super-æsthetic," if not "very poetic," would-be critic of an artist stigmatised "Psyche at the Throne of



"YOU MUST EXCUSE MY WORKING-COSTUME."

Venus," that famous picture of Miss Henrietta Rae which set the seal of a great popularity on her work and gave her her proud position not only as one of the chief women artists, but as one of the chief painters of our time, irrespective of sex. Indeed, it is one of the little ironies of her artistic life that the beautiful picture which, in its various reproduced forms, has sold enormously wherever men and women have houses with walls on which to hang it should have brought the painter no little mortification. Varnishing-day at the Academy in 1894, the year in which it was hung, was a decidedly miserable one for Henrietta Rae, for when a well-known painter saw it on the line, he went up to her and said, "How they can put a thing like that on the line and sky mine, I don't know!" He probably found out when he saw the crowds congregate around the "thing like that."

Similarly, in the last Academy the remarks of a candid friend on the subject of "The Sirens" were painful to listen to, though the subsequent appreciation of the public must have gone a long way to mitigate the severity of those criticisms, which anyone less generous than Mrs. Normand would attribute to jealousy. The subject of "The Sirens," it is interesting to know, was suggested by the late Lord Dufferin, whose portrait Mrs. Normand painted on two different occasions. The first was a commission for the rooms of the Ulster Yacht Club at Bangor, and the second for Lady Dufferin herself. The former was exhibited in the Academy in 1901, and is known to the public by reason of its having been reproduced in black-and-white. Apart altogether from its striking excellence as a portrait, it has another interest, in that in the artist's estimation it is the finest piece of work of its kind she has ever done. The second picture was completed only a couple of months before Lord Dufferin's regretted death, and was painted at Clondeboye, County Down, whither Mrs. Normand went for the purpose, and where she spent on the occasion of each commission a couple of delightful weeks made memorable by the

late Earl's charm and sympathy during what were undoubtedly laborious days.

To portraiture Henrietta Rae does devote some of the genius which would otherwise find expression in the classical pictures she loves to paint. Among other portraits can be recalled those of Lady Newton, the then Lady Mayoress of London, and Dr. Byers, the famous physician and Professor of Belfast, and the no less well-known Dr. Macnaughton Jones. Each physician is painted in a characteristic attitude, that into which he habitually falls when sitting in his consulting-room. Men of mature age always appeal as subjects to Mrs. Normand far more than younger ones, whose faces seem to her to be lacking in that force of character which they must inevitably gain with the passage of time.

Like so many men and women who have achieved fame, Henrietta Rae was by no means an ideal student. Her artistic inheritance came to her through her mother, who was an admirable pianist, and, for a time, a pupil of Mendelssohn. One of her father's brothers was a pupil of Cruikshank, but he did not achieve much in Art. Still, it was he who first distinctly saw the artistic strivings of his niece, and he gave her her first paint-box. It was



"I AM BUSY WITH MY PICTURE FOR NEXT YEAR'S ACADEMY."

he, too, who practically put her into Miss Gann's School of Art in Queen's Square, where she learned the rudiments of her art. Even as a demure little damsel, her independence of view was strongly marked, and she resolutely tried to put it into practice. In those early days she was set to draw from the flat or cast. Her ambition was, however, to go and study direct from Nature, so, whenever she got the opportunity, she would quietly leave her class-room and go off to the Life School. There she would begin to really enjoy her work. Her enjoyment was, however, short-lived, for she would be discovered where she had no right to be and unceremoniously escorted back to the work which she found so irksome.

After she left Queen's Square, she went to the British Museum with a view to competing for admission to the Royal Academy. There she first met, as fellow-students, many men who have since become famous, among them Mr. Ernest Normand, to whom she was married in 1884.

During her student career at the Academy, Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema and Professor von Herkomer were undoubtedly, at first, the chief influences on Henrietta Rae's work. Then she came under the influence of Lord Leighton, who took the greatest possible interest in her career and that of her husband. Lord Leighton, indeed, saw a great deal of the young artists when they lived in the Holland Park Road, before they migrated to Sydenham, where they now live in a charming house with a no less charming studio in the garden. One day, he said to them, "I want you to work in my method." To that end he gave each of them a canvas treated in his own particular way, similar brushes to those he used, and even sent his own model to sit for them. Try as they would, however, neither Mr. nor Mrs. Normand could succeed. The studies looked like weak Leightons, for they lacked all the individuality of the artists and missed Lord Leighton's good points. Whenever the then President of the Royal Academy met them, he would say, "I am coming to see those pictures."

"Please don't come yet," they would answer with one voice, "for we aren't ready, and the work is not fit to be seen."

At last, one day, Lord Leighton, refusing to be put off any longer, went to see the result of his experiment. He sat down. He looked at the pictures. He sighed. "It's not a bit of use," he exclaimed; "it's no good trying to make people work in one's method! Never again!" and he shook his head-disconsolately. As soon as he left, Mr. Normand painted out his work and began on something else. Mrs. Normand, however, decided to continue, but worked in her own way. A little while after, Lord Leighton paid them another visit.

"Hullo!" he exclaimed, "whose pretty head is this?" indicating the picture which stood on Mrs. Normand's easel.

"That," she replied, "is the head I tried to paint in your method."

It was a significant episode, for it proved, what has been observed over and over again, that Henrietta Rae must go her own way to work in order to achieve the results she desires. Her first idea may be expressed with a few charcoal lines on a piece of brown paper. This is developed by many more sketches of a similar



"A MIRROR ENABLES ONE TO JUDGE OF THE EFFECT."

LXVII.—“MISS HENRIETTA RAE” (MRS. ERNEST NORMAND).

character, until the subject is definitely settled. Then she makes studies of figures, and even she would probably hesitate to say how many they number before she finally makes up her mind to put them on the canvas. Before that, however, she makes a cartoon which is to

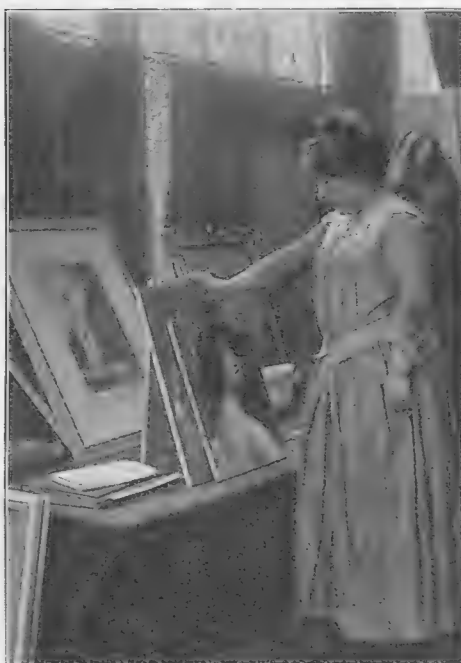


“THAT’S QUITE ENOUGH ‘SHOP.’ HOBBIES? WELL, I AM A GREAT READER OF POETRY —”

her what the picture will be to the public, and then she arranges for her models. It is a curious fact that, prolific as she has been of ideas, when once the work of painting begins her ideas vanish. The reason is, no doubt, that the picture is then as complete as she can make it and she has no further need of considering its growth. Her work is done from no model in particular, but from many who sit for various bits of the body. One and all, the



“THEN I HAVE MANY GOOD FRIENDS. HERE ARE SOME OF THEIR PHOTOGRAPHS.”



“A LITTLE STUDY BY MY HUSBAND.”



“PHEW! I NEVER KNEW THAT BEING INTERVIEWED WAS SUCH EXHAUSTING WORK.”

studio which is probably to be seen in no other in London. This consists of two great trap-doors leading into cellars, ten or twelve feet deep, at each end of the studio. Although the roof is nearly thirty feet high, when Mr. A. Bailey and Mr. John Padden, his father-in-law, gave Mrs. and



“HOWEVER, A FEW MINUTES IN THE FRESH AIR WILL PUT ME RIGHT. HOW DO YOU LIKE MY GARDEN?”

Mr. Normand a commission to paint, each, a panel for the Royal Exchange, it was found that the canvases could not be conveniently worked in the studio without some special mechanical appliances. These pits were, therefore, dug, and the huge frames were lowered into them. The device enabled the artists to dispense entirely with the usual high platform for the upper portions, and all of the work was done standing on the floor in the way



“—AND I AM PASSIONATELY FOND OF MUSIC.”

models have the greatest regard for the artist, and when, a little while ago, she was laid up for months and unable to work, one of them supplied her regularly with books, taking them every day to Mrs. Normand's house.

There is one feature in the Normands'



“NOW I REALLY MUST GET BACK TO WORK.”

one ordinarily works. Mrs. Normand's subject, it need hardly be said, is “Sir Richard Whittington and his Charities,” and it will always be noteworthy as the first civic commission ever executed by a woman in England. That it will not be the last must be the desire of everyone.

BEAUTIFUL HOMES AND THEIR OWNERS.

XXXIII.—LEVENS HALL.

LEVENS HALL, Westmorland, the residence of Major Josceline Bagot, who is M.P. for South Westmorland, and late Chief Press Censor in South Africa, is a noted place in the North-West of England. It is a quaint structure of several periods of architecture, though principally that of the Elizabethan style. The main feature, however, is the square, embattled tower, known as the "Pele Tower," which is quite the oldest part of the building, dating back to the eleventh century. Regarding the date of Levens Hall, there is preserved in the drawing-room an exceedingly interesting old parchment to which is attached a seal. This is kept in a glass case, the ink and the writing being still perfectly clear, in spite of the fact that it bears the date 1190, as well as the seal of Richard I. This ancient parchment contains a charter exempting the owner from payment of a tax called "Nutzgeld," Levens being at that time the property of Henry de Redman, whose family represented Westmorland in Parliament from 1299 to 1477. From 1487 to 1685 the property was in the possession of the

Hercules, and bears in its several compartments beautiful emblematic representations of the Five Senses, the Four Elements, and the Four Seasons, with a poetical inscription. The entrance-hall is decorated with relics of ancient armour of various dates, "bearing the bruises of war and the rust of time." The drawing-room and library also display most beautiful specimens of ancient carved work in the chimney-pieces.

Interesting and beautiful as Levens is inside, yet equally so are the incomparable gardens which surround the house. Here may be found charming combinations of colour, while among the fantastic forms cut in yew are included peacocks, archways, umbrellas, the Lion and Crown, Queen Elizabeth and her Maids-of-Honour, and numberless shapes scattered about in endless profusion. It was Colonel Grahme who made this wonderful garden, he having engaged a gardener named Beaumont, from Hampton Court, to superintend and lay it out.

There is an ancient custom still existing at Levens, originated



LEVENS HALL, WESTMORLAND, THE RESIDENCE OF MAJOR JOSCELINE BAGOT, M.P.

Bellingham family, after which it fell into the hands of Colonel Grahme, who, so the story goes, won the estate, bit by bit, from Allan Bellingham by games of chance. Colonel Grahme, who belonged to the Courts of Charles II. and James II., was deeply involved in all the Jacobite risings, and it was at Levens that plots of the gravest character were hatched in the Gilded Parlour and the toast drunk "To the King over the Water." There are many other ancient documents of the greatest interest preserved at Levens, amongst which is a letter in James the Second's own handwriting, giving in full various reasons for leaving the country. Others are written by Lords Middleton and Bolingbroke and the Duke of Marlborough, some partly in cipher, speaking of King James as "Mr. Banks," "Your lawyer," "19," and "The Knight."

The interior of Levens Hall contains a wonderful collection of carved work throughout the house. The carvings represent a great variety of figures, emblems, and ornaments, said to have been added to the building in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. According to an account written of this, nearly one hundred years ago, describing the carvings, "in the north dining-room so rich and expensive is this work that it has been valued at three thousand pounds, according to the present scale of wages." The carved chimney-piece in this apartment, dated 1586, is supported by large figures of Samson and

in the time of the Bellinghams. From a goblet called a "Constable" unsuspecting strangers are sometimes cajoled into drinking a unique and bitter compound of the genus of ale; but ere one drop may touch the lip, they must stand on one leg and loudly pledge the toast, "Luck to Levens whilst the Kent flows."

Major Bagot, the present owner, was originally in the 96th Foot, now known as the 2nd Battalion the Manchester Regiment, but exchanged into the Grenadier Guards in 1875. He was A.D.C. to the Governors-General of Canada in 1882-83, 1888-89, and served in the South African War, 1899-1900. His father, Colonel Charles Bagot, was at one time Assistant Master of the Ceremonies, and was a son of the Hon. Sir Charles Bagot, G.C.B., P.C. Major Bagot married a daughter of Sir John Leslie of Glasslough (a descendant of the celebrated Bishop John Leslie, 1633), who married Lady Constance Dawson-Damer, sister of the fourth Earl of Portarlington. It was Mrs. Bagot who started and raised the funds for the Portland Hospital, and, accompanied by Lady Henry Bentinck, she went out with it to the War, where it did good work and gained much credit.

Levens Hall is situated some three miles or so from Kendal, amidst the most charming scenery and on the eastern banks of the River Kent. It is deeply embosomed in woods and commands from its towers extensive views of the surrounding country.

L. B. W.

BEAUTIFUL BRITISH HOMES.



THE GARDENS OF LEVENS HALL: THESE WERE MADE BY COLONEL GRAHME, A COURTIER OF CHARLES THE SECOND'S TIME, WHO WON THE ESTATE BY GAMES OF CHANCE.



THE WONDERFUL YEWS: AMONG THE NUMBERLESS FANTASTIC FORMS INTO WHICH THESE HAVE BEEN CUT AND TRAINED ARE PEACOCKS, UMBRELLAS, THE LION AND CROWN, AND QUEEN ELIZABETH AND HER MAIDS-OF-HONOUR.

MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

TO tell the truth, I didn't read the announcement in my morning paper, but in the *Daily Mirror*, the morning paper which everybody was buying. I read that a great Committee is to be appointed whose business will be to sit upon the Army and the Navy. The late Royal Commission, methought, sat upon the Army heavily enough, and there are amateur critics ready and willing to sit upon the Navy whenever editors of reviews will give them house-room; but this new Committee is, I understand, to be something extra-special that will find out why our Army organisers are so often at sea and why our ships-of-war are so often ashore. Doubtless, the Committee will do good work and issue a report which will be criticised by experts and ignored by the public, but I confess to some uneasiness when I see that the best men on active duty are to surrender their time and services. One gets an uneasy feeling that, when war does come, our leading soldiers and sailors will have been so busy working on Parliamentary and Select Committees that they will have had no time to prepare the Forces of the Empire for anything more than a paper campaign.

I ventured to express these opinions to my fellow-passengers, and one of them, a serious person with interests in town and country, became political at once and began to pelt Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's reputation with cordite, apropos of nothing. He wanted to make out that the Government which gives us Commissions is better than the one that had no cordite reserve. "I thought," said a military gentleman who often travels with us, "that everybody outside the circle of the newspapers knew that cordite doesn't keep, and that, consequently, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was quite justified in having a small stock. A higher policy than place-seeking kept him silent then, but if you go to Pall Mall you will find that 'C.-B.' is looked upon as one of the best and most practical heads the department has ever had." Then a great silence fell upon our little company, for the last speaker has almost as many facts as his opponent has theories and cannot be moved easily from any position he takes up.

I turned to my paper again, that I might not be seen to smile at the obvious unrest of the serious person with interests, who was clearly disgusted to find himself in a carriage with a man who was not of his

own political creed, and, glancing at the French military budget, I saw certain large sums set down to fortify and develop Dakar. The name seemed familiar, and I mused upon it until I suddenly recalled my meeting with a very clever British merchant in the Grand Canary. He was on his way to South America and had come from the Gold Coast by way of French Senegal. "Look out for Dakar," he said to me, when we were discussing the future of the great French Empire that is being built up in North Africa. "It's a wonderful natural

harbour and fortress. France is giving up St. Louis to go there; the authorities will apply for a grant, and in a couple of years they will have a Bizerta on the Atlantic coast. If France has the western end of the Mediterranean and Russia the eastern end, we may yet have to go via the Atlantic to India as well as to South Africa, and when Dakar is a strongly fortified naval base that journey will not be a picnic in war-time."

When I read about the meeting between Czar and Emperor at Darmstadt, of double and treble lines of bayonets to keep the Little Father, Czar of All the Russias, safe from any of his subjects who may have come to the city, I cannot help thinking that the Constitutional monarch has a much better time. I happened to be in the Middle Temple last week when the King dined in Hall with the Benchers. There was little or no difficulty in getting in or out of either of the Inns of Court; the whole place was quiet and tranquil; only the lights that glowed through the great stained-glass windows made it apparent that the Hall was occupied. No crush, no force of constables or

soldiers; the King was as far from the need of protection as the humblest pedestrian who raised his hat as the carriage passed. I wonder what the Czar would give in hard cash to be able to live so comfortably.

I read in my daily paper of a firm that is ready to supply pheasants by the hundred for you to turn down in your preserves, if you are so fortunate as to possess any. My experience of shooting, a fairly extensive one, leads me to believe that no bird put down in October or November can afford much sport in the same season. It will run before it will fly, and will be far too frightened in its new surroundings to seek or take a chance. Few sportsmen worthy the name would care to slaughter half-tame pheasants that are pushed out over the guns.



STUDIES OF CHILDREN: BY TOM BROWNE.

XII.—"CONTENTMENT."

DINNERS WITH SHAKSPERE.

BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MR. MURRAY announces a handsome Library edition of the historical works of J. L. Motley. The whole will be included in nine volumes at half-a-guinea each, and the books will be published monthly, commencing with "The Rise of the Dutch Republic" in three volumes, and following with the "History of the United Netherlands" in four volumes, and "John of Barneveld" in two volumes.

Mr. Murray will also publish a new book by the Canadian poet, Bliss Carman. Mr. Carman is editor of the Boston *Literary World*, an interesting little paper which is now issued monthly.

Matilda Seral, the Italian novelist, has published her experiences of Palestine. The book is certainly not commonplace, and it may be hoped that it will be translated into English. It contains exact, and sometimes humorous, descriptions of the characters that crossed her path, as well as eloquent chapters on the Holy Sepulchre of Jerusalem, on the Via Crucis, and on Golgotha. Madame Seral amusingly pictures the landlord of her hotel at Jaffa. "He is a hotel-keeper, but also a first-rate Christian, a moralist, a philosopher; he does not deign to speak to his guests. On the doors of the rooms are inscribed, instead of numbers, the names of great personages of the

Old Testament. In one landing there were Abraham, Jacob, Ezekiel, and Elias chambers. On a table in each room are to be found copies of a treatise on morals—by the hotel-keeper—in English and German and Italian, with a symbolic cover-design representing all the beasts of the Apocalypse."

Some interesting particulars of the French book-trade have been published recently. They are not encouraging. The export trade in books dropped nearly four million francs in a single year—from 1899 to 1900. One publisher attributes the depression to the general stagnation in commerce and industry. He thinks, also, that love of sport on the part of the people and over-production on the part of authors have thinned the ranks of readers.

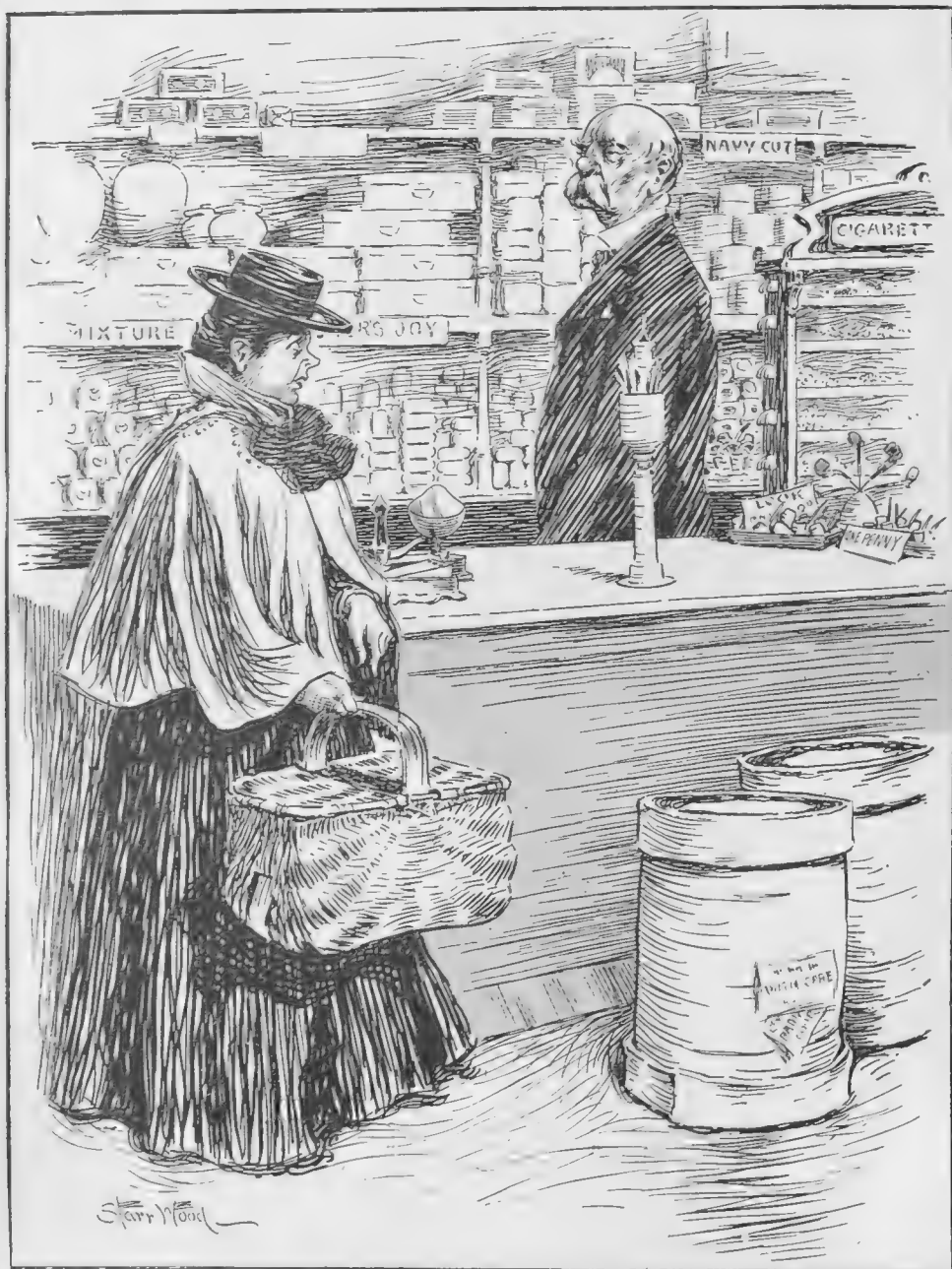
M. Flammarion attributes the crisis of the book-trade to over-production. In thirty years the publishers of Paris have increased tenfold. They now number two hundred. M. Flammarion declines at least ten books a day, and, as it is, he accepts too many. He says, however, that there is no falling-off in the sale of scientific books. Literary criticism, with three or four exceptions, has no place in the daily journals. Another Paris publisher declares that the French papers, with a few honourable exceptions, will supply the public with no information about books except what is paid for by the publisher in advertisements or puffs. Complaints are made of the actions of the Americans and Russians in pirating books.

The notices of the late Mr. W. E. H. Lecky all bear the same witness to a singularly delightful, eloquent, fascinating, and unique personality, but there are few personal touches. There are, however, one or two worth noting. It was at a hotel in Innsbruck that the first notes for the "History of Rationalism" were written. A friend who was with Lecky at the time says that the historian's methods of literary composition were peculiar. He was exceedingly tall—six-feet-four, or thereabouts—and, possibly on account of a feeble circulation, he loved a horizontal attitude. The early pages of the "History of Rationalism" were written on the floor, while the author lay prone on pillows as he wrote. Lecky's first little book has practically disappeared. The title was "Religious Tendencies of the Age." The *Athenæum* says that Lecky was ignorant of German at the time he produced his early histories. I think, however, he must have mastered that language before the end, as he used to go to Berlin and other German cities in order to work in libraries.

There have been few publishers of such original and daring ideas as the late Mr. George Smith. I learn with much surprise that when Thackeray resigned the editorship of the *Cornhill*, Smith offered the position to Browning. It is very hard to think of Browning as an editor. Thackeray had a long apprenticeship to journalism, but Browning had none. I do not think he ever wrote a newspaper article in his life.

I understand that the promised "Encyclopædia of Journalism" will not appear for some time. The project, however, is by no means abandoned. If carried out on the lines originally laid down, it should be a book of pre-eminent worth, whether or not it secures a popular success.

Mr. G. W. E. Russell's criticism of Mr. Morley's "Gladstone" in the *Independent Review* is decidedly worth reading. Mr. Russell signalises one quaint and characteristic quotation from Mr. Gladstone's diary for 1839: "That year he read 'Nicholas Nickleby,' admired its 'human tone' and 'natural pathos' (N.B.—Not a word about the humour), but added, 'No church in the book, and the motives are not those of religion.' No church in 'Nicholas Nickleby.' No, indeed. Mr. Squeers boasted that he was 'the right shop for morals,' but he did not profess Theology; and the Brothers Cheeryble may reasonably be suspected of a tendency to Undenominational Religion." O. O.



"An ounce of tobacco, please."
 "Which sort?"
 "Doesn't matter; it's for a blind gentleman."

[DRAWN BY STARR WOOD.]

FOUR NEW BOOKS.

"THE PEOPLE OF THE ABYSS."

By JACK LONDON.
(Isbister, 6s.)

problems will doubtless be as new as they were to Mr. Jack London; to the average Englishman they are pitifully and shamefully old.



MRS. CAMPBELL PRAED, THE WELL-KNOWN
WRITER OF FICTION.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell, Knightsbridge.

deplored times without number, it is well that "The People of the Abyss" should have been written. The tragedy within it is the tragedy of the poor within our gates, the horror, the sordid horror of dirt and despair, rather than the horror of, say, "The Hole in the Wall," that flashes from the blade of a bared knife, that rises with the mist of the river, that lurks in the murk of the noisome alleys of the slums, but tragedy and horror it is none the less. In his closing chapter, Mr. Jack London compares the lot of the very poor—models for a Doré or a Hogarth, born in squalor, bred in squalor; dying in squalor—with that of the Innuits of Alaska, and to the advantage of the Innuits: the savage, at least, starves but periodically; the East-Enders chronically. And the date of the book is 1903!

"THE AMBASSADORS."

By HENRY JAMES.
(Methuen, 6s.)

Like the spider's, Mr. James's touch, "how exquisitely fine, feels at each thread and lives along the line." The line, to be sure, is rather long, and, were the touch not so exquisite and vital, we should very soon cease to follow it; but this novelist of inaction is worth any patience we are good enough to expend upon him. His characters certainly do very little, but, like the parrot, they are—something or other to think, and Mr. Henry James stands by, with a sort of cerebral spectroscope in his hand, revealing to us and analysing what is going on in their brains. After we have caught the trick, it is excellent fun to watch the play. "The Ambassadors" has nothing to do with the Chancelleries of Europe, but the strategy is in its way Bismarckian. It is simply a tale of an American gentleman, Mr. Strether, who, at the instance of a widow

"The People of the Abyss" is likely to attain greater popularity and to create a deeper and more lasting impression in America than in England: to the average American the under-world of the East-End and its never-ending

Unlike the other works with which the name of the "American Kipling" is associated, it suggests the moderately imaginative reformer rather than the vividly imaginative novelist, but it is bitterly true. It is not "nice" reading, as the men and women and children with whom it deals are not "nice" people. The genteel, sleek, Pharisaical Mrs. Brown, who leads a blatantly respectable life under the eye of the local cleric because Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Robinson lead blatantly respectable lives under similar conditions, will hold up her hands in holy horror that such things should be, but she will continue to sew shirts for the Hottentot or hem handkerchiefs for the Hindoo. A journey further East than St. Paul's Churchyard is not calculated to display the latest toque to those able to appreciate it or envy its possessor. Even though it be but a clever and elaborate, if quite unconscious, repetition of much that has been said and thought and

with whom he supposes himself to be in love, has come over to Paris to deliver the good lady's son from a life of fancied enormities in general and from one siren in particular. The guerdon of the mission is to be the lady's hand. Fortunately for Mr. Strether, he was, almost on landing, literally "picked up" by a delightful free-lance of uncertain age, called Maria Gostrey, who pilots him through his perilous mission to a very satisfactory conclusion. It is well for Strether's happiness that readers cannot seriously pay court to Miss Gostrey, or they would whisk her away before the last chapter, in which the Fabian Strether is at length pushed over a moral precipice to felicity. That is, if she would let them, for there is only one man in the world for her, and she waited long for him. But it will not do to "give away" the story further. Not the least delightful and original touch is the character called Woollet, not a person, mark you, but a town, stiff, Puritanical, and New England, always an obsession, prone to cause sad blundering, and evolving itself to a destiny of fitting ridicule, achieved by sheer tacit contrast. For this remarkable author forces nothing, he merely lies low and says a lot.

"A DEAL IN WHEAT, AND OTHER STORIES."

By FRANK NORRIS.
(Grant Richards, 6s.)

The late Mr. Frank Norris's Epic of the Wheat must remain among the might-have-beens of literature, and it is doubtful if he would, in completing the work, have rivalled the power of the opening chapters of "The Pit." "A Deal in Wheat" may be regarded as a microcosm of the projected epic; it exposes powerfully enough the iniquities of speculative gambling in the price of food, but it is, after all, only a sketch, and naturally fails through slightness, whereas the epic, as we know it in part, seemed likely to fail through sheer cumbrousness. Mr. Norris's executors would have consulted his memory better had they left this study unpublished. It is otherwise with another story in the book, "Chino's Wife," a finely human and exciting incident of mining-life in California. There is no attempt at imitation of Bret Harte, but that great fabulist need not have been ashamed to own the little masterpiece. For sheer dramatic force, this story of the young engineer's vagrant passion for a beautiful, degenerate Mexican, the wife of one of his subordinates, and the fine reassertion of his better self, places Frank Norris on a far higher plane of consideration than his Chicago studies, and makes us regret all the more the untimely loss of such a consummate master of the *conte*.

"OVER THE BORDER."

By ROBERT BARR.
(Isbister, 6s.)

"Over the Border" is one of the few adventure-stories that justify the use of the adjective "stirring." Mr. Robert Barr has chosen a period that has been the prey of novelists innumerable, but he has chosen an episode of that period that has but seldom formed the basis of a plot, and the interest in his narrative never fails. The chief place in his romance of love and duty is shared equally by the famous Scottish freebooter, Will Armstrong—"Christie's Will"—and a daughter of the unfortunate Earl of Strafford, who, to save her wounded brother from the vengeance of Cromwell, takes his place in a daring enterprise to seize a despatch Armstrong is to carry from Charles—then, as the future Lord Protector of England brutally, but with some truth, put it, King of Oxford—to the Earl of Traquair, but there is little of what Mr. Arnold Bennett would call the silken dalliance of the time in his novel. From the moment of Armstrong's start to the culmination of his ride with his leap on horseback over Carlisle Bridge; incident treads on the heel of incident, the glint of steel alternates with the flash of gun. It says much for Mr. Barr's deftness that his story is neither forced nor impossible.

ON THE TABLE.

"Records and Reminiscences." By Sir Francis Burnand. (Methuen. Two Vols. 25s.)—These reminiscences, personal and general, of the Editor of *Punch* are got up in two handsome volumes, which contain, in addition to photographs, some drawings by Sir John Tenniel, Sir John Gilbert, R.A., E. T. Reed, Phil May, and others.

"Li-Hung-Chang." By Mrs. Archibald Little. (Cassell. 15s.)—This is a biography of the famous Chinaman dealing with all the phases of his complex character; in particular does it emphasise his loyalty to the dynasty he served.

"My Adventures on the Australian Goldfields." By W. Craig. (Cassell. 6s.)—Mr. Craig recounts the perils he passed through as a pioneer in the Australian Goldfields in the early 'fifties.

"Christian Thal." By M. E. Francis. (Longmans. 6s.)—A modern novel, the scene of which is laid in Germany.

"From Saranac to the Marquesas and Beyond." With a short Introduction by George W. Balfour, M.D. (Methuen. 6s.)—This book contains the letters which Mrs. M. I. Stevenson wrote during 1887-88 to her sister, Jane Whyte Balfour. They are edited and arranged by Marie Clothilde Balfour.

"The Modest Man's Motor." By Major C. G. Matmin. (Lawrence and Bullen. 3s. 6d.)—A series of papers on motoring reprinted from the *Badminton* for the assistance of the would-be "economical motorist."

"The Defence of Guenevere, and Other Poems." By William Morris. (Lane. 5s.)—A very pretty edition, illustrated by fine line-drawings by Jessie M. King.

"The Essays of Leigh Hunt." Edited by Arthur Symonds. (Dent. 3s. 6d.)—A charming edition prettily illustrated by H. M. Brock.

"Twelve Stories and a Dream." By H. G. Wells. (Macmillan. 6s.)—The dream mentioned in the title is called "A Dream of Armageddon." Mr. Wells, in this book, has abandoned the gloom in which the social problems of "Mankind in the Making" enveloped him and returned to his former style.

THE PICTURE TRAIN: A POSSIBLE CONTINGENCY.

(IN ORDER TO ASSIST PASSENGERS TO FIND THEIR CARRIAGES, A MR. CROSS HAS DEVISED THE SCHEME OF THE "PICTURE TRAIN.")



TESTY OLD GENTLEMAN: Look sharp and find us some seats, porter. We have first-class passes.
 FACETIOUS PORTER: Yessir. Mr. and Mrs. Noah, I presume?

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.

THE HUMOURIST IN DOG-LAND.



"BILLYS LITTLE LOVE AFFAIR."

DRAWN BY CECIL ALDIN.



EXTRACT FROM TWELFTH (AND LAST) LETTER:

... I've been a real Bohemian. I have taken a studio in Paris and have all sorts of queer creatures. They're not so bad when you know them. Some of them have even my pictures and call me a pre-Botticelliist, which has decided me to give it up. So I'm giving a farewell tea. . . .

P.S.—I've had my farewell. Mr. Waterford stupidly proposed in the middle of helping me make tea. Of course, I couldn't argue, with everybody waiting to be fed, so I said "yes."

A NOVEL

IN

A NUTSHELL.

"THE LONG ARM."

BY

KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN.



AGAINST his will, Colonel Sale was playing one more hand. He played at all times very quietly, so far as a card-table manner is concerned, and to-night he was sometimes mildly humorous. His pre-occupation could not be imagined. But it deepened during the final rubber, and, far away in thought from Piccadilly, he heard the Strid roar at Bolton, in lovely Wharfedale. That was a place where a man might easily seem to die by misadventure.

The game being ended, he pushed the cards away, with a smile. Some sense of embarrassment lay upon the other players. His luck had been worse than common, he was a pleasant officer, and everybody knew him to be "hipped." He wrote in his neat hand upon the backs of visiting-cards an "I.O.U." for each member of the party, while they were paying cash or cheques. His refined and tranquil face was flushed a little; the act brought home to him a very disagreeable sense of his position.

He reverted to a conversation which had passed before the game began. "You are all very good fellows to wait," he said. "I'm sorry. I haven't at all the same faith in my chances."

His sensitiveness provoked a friendly murmur and some light encouragements. When a man is "off his luck," he cannot do better than go away and forget it. In the high-priced Club where the Colonel played above his purse, worse luck than his had been known to right itself.

Colonel Arthur Sale was a man of no excesses but this of gambling; middle-aged, a good soldier, with some reputation as a traveller and a sportsman. While yet a Lieutenant, he had made two independent journeys in the Soudan about the time of the first Mahdi's rise to power. His resolute courage had been attested then and since; the regularity of his life was of late confirmed by a happy marriage; and men knew him for a nice sense of honour, and excellent temper, taste, and social tact. These last qualities were best observed in his duller moods, when a special gentleness appeared in him.

Few men are better liked; and, as commonly happens, not the most imaginative among his friends could suspect what he had it in mind to do. He was going to Yorkshire "for a month's fishing." But, for some time now, the position must have seemed to Colonel Sale to have a hopeless look. He had lost hard upon £5000 in a few months; his means were narrow; and, after calling in all but insurances, he was in debt for three impossible thousands still.

To give up honour and life was doubly futile. But what had determined him was the necessity of saving something for his wife and boys. He said good-bye to them in the morning. Let those who share his temperament be Colonel Sale's judges. Granted his point of view, there must have been something beautifully tender and brave in the light farewell; and yet one does not care to think of it.

Pass to certain reflections of the journey. They had some bearing on the sequel. With only a few days to live, and with the sense of mastery which every calm resolution gives, Colonel Sale was more than usually clear-headed, although his heart laboured, and scenes from the old past ran mostly in his thoughts. In particular, he was struck by recollections of a College friendship and of a boys' conversation which pointed to his present case. It was the most intimate and lasting friendship he had known, and he would have liked to say good-bye to Jack Alleyn. Dear old *fidus Achates*, matter-of-fact and gay and kind; what in these last few years had become of him? He might even have shown a better way with debts of honour; he always did know the right thing to do, and did it with a turn of the hand. When they were mere boys, Jack once boasted lightly that he would undertake—

Ah, happy time! In a flash the scene returned. It was in the great holidays, on a night of sentiment and philosophy, things they did not know by any such names and talked nevertheless on all occasions. There was a badger. While it was out they had stopped the earths, and they lay among bracken and rocks on the edge of a Yorkshire moor waiting for it. The moonlit dale was romantic, but not Jack; and they were talking ghosts. Touching to remember how the dear fellow's chaff had never hurt him! But Jack provoked him to say—he recalled quite freshly the mood in which he spoke,

bantering, but still with a delightful, creepy sense of committing himself to something risky—

"All right, old chap; but if ever I get into Queer Street"—innocent word in those days!—"and have to shuffle off this mortal coil, I'll let you see. I'll be an apparition myself, and make a friendly call in search of sympathy. 'Go away,' says you; 'you're an imposition. Besides, I never feel for spectres.'"

It startled the Colonel to see himself half-aware of the end so very long ago. Fate! Thought stood still at the great, sure-footed

mystery. And what Jack Alleyn said was far from serious, like the end of that night's adventure—

"Rot!" It was rather a favourite word of his. "I can go one better, sonnie. I'll undertake to make my call on you before you do the shuffle."

How lightly life is looked at before we come to live it, and still one plays the man! But is not this, thought Colonel Sale—alone with his soul now—is not this the great and ultimate test, that manhood be true to the boy's inspirations?

The notion held him. If, indeed, we must all "give an account of the deeds done in the body," was that a test he could undergo himself *sans peur et sans reproche*? He quaked; the standard boyhood sets is high. He had not tried to pull it down, thank God; but, inspirations or only aspirations, the review of them now in a long reverie depressed him; he had to brace his courage and play the man at last. And it pleased him, because of the shattered ideals, to snatch at one light word which he might yet fulfil. If such things were, he would keep his engagement with Jack.

The purpose leapt into his mind and gave him the shiver and thrill he had sometimes found in situations of quiet peril.

Mr. Jack Alleyn is well known in Liverpool, though not by the name I have given him. He was to have been a soldier with his friend: he became a cotton-merchant. As for this friendship of which the story tells a singular outcome, it had endured, of course, through long separations, with meetings rather more infrequent since the mid-nineties than before. It was the summer of this year, and Jack had not seen his old chum at all since the War in South Africa. But he had longed to do so, and to him as well as to the fighting-man that threat of a "friendly call" had recurred, though not his own jesting answer. It had even recurred more than once, when scanty news made him fearful; but he would have been immensely surprised to see it fulfilled at any time. He is among the most practical of men. The Colonel was right: Jack would have known a better way with debts of honour.

In the house where Colonel Sale was a guest, he enjoyed the perfect liberty of an old and dear comrade. It was not until the fourth day that he could think of his purpose resolutely. The Wharfe was in spate then, after rain among the hills; and he went out to fish with worm below those woods in which the Strid is situated. His host being no fisherman, Colonel Sale took with him; by an arrangement made overnight; an old water-bailiff of whom he was fond.

They reached the Strid about the luncheon-hour. The spate had fallen and left the rocks exposed; and the place looked more than ever fitting for his design, a suicide to be accomplished without suspicion in another man's presence. Colonel Sale took a dram with him, and ate a sandwich; and they watched the water thunder down. It is a boiling white cataract between grey walls of granite, and below it a long, deep pool lies. All had gone well for the Colonel's evasion. It was the old man himself who had suggested that some of the upper reaches should be tried, as he knew them best; and the rocks were slippery.

"What was that old tale of the 'bootless bene'?" the Colonel shouted in his ear. "Isn't it here the boy jumped across, Tib?"

"Tried it," his companion answered. "See yo' that rock 'at points across an' dips. That's wheere 't wor. Fro' th' other side it's simple, but not this, for no man alive."

"I'll go and look at it," said the Colonel.

He finished a second sandwich and then rose, leaving Tib to gather up the tackle. He was a little nervous, but felt no hesitation, no doubts

of himself; and, without a glance either at the fierce water or about him at the paradise which these fine woods resemble, he carefully scrutinised the rock in face. His leap must look like a real attempt. Presently he turned away, satisfied, and waited for the old man's eye. He waved a hand.

Old Tib shouted; but it was not for this that Colonel Sale, with the first step desperately taken, stood rooted where he was. He had seen Jack Alleyn's face above the opposite brink, a few paces down-stream.

Jack advanced quite slowly, until his pert little figure showed complete, from Panama hat to brown shoes. He was looking intent at first, as if he had not recognised his friend; but his red face relaxed in the funny little smile down his nose that Sale knew. He danced a little dance above the torrent, came out on the point of the dipping rock, and dropped over.

Colonel Sale let him speak the first word. It was a dumb-show, like everything else he had done in the cataract's roar; and, for the first time in life, the man who would have relinquished life so boldly was at a loss from fear. Jack's living and warm grasp gave him a great shock, moreover. Instantly he drew Jack away, but with a hand which became so vice-like, and with such evident nervousness, that his friend was shocked at the change in him. Privately, Jack swore at the War for it, yet thought it strange in such a gallant man. He was pulled up to the fringe of a wooded bank before the Colonel spoke.

"My dear old chap! What brings you here? How the deuce did you find me?"

The little cotton-merchant continued to act facetiously. "Ah," said he, pushing a chest out, "blow me if I can tell you that! Genius, I think. The British Army lost a very good man when I stopped growing, Art . . . Had you seen me? Were you going to jump up that silly rock?"

"Jove, how you startled me!" the miserable man ran on. "Do you know, I had you in mind at that moment, as if I should see you directly. . . . How long are you here? Where are you staying, old Jack? . . . Wasn't that strange, though?"

Jack thought his friend's behaviour stranger. He was not unaware of the card-play, rumour of which had reached as far as Liverpool.

"Devonshire Arms," he said, laconically. "Got any fish?"

"Not very many." Poor old Sale! How sick he looked! "But now that you're here—wait a minute, I'll let old Tib go home."

He came back smiling and with his natural colour, and Jack was uncommonly funny about the War. It did not surprise the jester that his friend put no more questions with respect to the manner of their encounter. He was a good deal touched. For, on the other hand, Sale's affectionate cordiality confessed relief from a great distress. They went down to the hotel, and there the afternoon was whiled away with talk of old times, as if no mystery had spun fine threads between them.

It was over the after-dinner smoke that both men came to an awkward silence. For Jack, at any rate, this was not endurable; he waited for some more intimate talk, hoping good from it, and then set about with deliberation to put his friend at ease.

He said, very quietly, "I know what you're thinking of, Art."

The Colonel controlled himself with difficulty. He had little doubt left just at that moment that Jack had seen through his bad acting; but he looked up, saw him admiring the ash of his cigar, and still kept silence, dreading the word that would shatter self-respect.

"You're as superstitious as ever; wondering what the deuce that 'coincidence' portends of my turning up so adroitly. Oh, I know you of old!" He laughed gently. "My dear fellow, I'm sorry to disabuse you, but it's simply no coincidence at all. I've been hunting you about town for a week, off and on; got your address from your wife; and here I am, on a most prosaic business mission! But confess. You've been thinking it odd all day, haven't you?"

The comfort of this was worth a settlement of all debts. But, as an explanation, it did nothing to shake a saved man's faith in the supernatural.

"Well, yes," he replied to the challenge.

"Just so. You're the same old dreamer, and it isn't good for the nerves, Art. . . . Are you game," proceeded Jack, in his very quietest tones, "to do a big journey nowadays? One of your old adventures?"

Colonel Sale gazed at his friend with strange eyes.

"It's this. You know the state of the Egyptian fibre-market? Or, of course, you don't; that wouldn't interest you. Egyptian fibre is at tenpence a pound, and that's a famine price; perfectly frightful! In Liverpool, we've formed the Imperial Cotton-growing Extension Association, pooling a little capital to look for new fields and promote enterprise. I hope it'll do some good. What we want now, as soon as ever we can lay our hands on him, is the right sort of man to go down the railway route from Cairo to the Cape—taking his own time about it, of course—and spy out possibilities. Well, I told the other directors about you and the Mahdi. I'm to ask you if you'll undertake the trip, old chap. It's dangerous, I know; but what they offer to do, apart from cost of equipment and all that, is to put down two thousand pounds a-year for, say, three years, and I am empowered to put it into your bank if you consent."

The man for whom this miracle was worked leaned forward to put his face in his hands. Jack saw his chest heave.

"What do you say, O Benedict the married man? Will you go on this wild-goose chase for us, or would you rather fish and play Bridge at home?"

"You know I'll go," said the Colonel, at length. "God bless you, Jack!" But still he hid his face. "When did you hear about my Bridge losses?"

"My dear fellow! Not so bad, is it? Why, when I got to town I heard of them, of course."

Tennyson errs. There are times when half a truth may be of all lies the whitest.

"Then you are right; it was not a coincidence at all." The Colonel's eyes were shining as he uncovered a face composed and stern. "It was God's hand, old friend. I'll prove it to you. . . . Jack, if you had been an instant later I was a dead man."

"Thanks," said the incorrigible Jack. "I rather took credit for my own exertions."

The Colonel rose and grasped his hand.

THE DIMPLE IN HER CHIN.

By CLIFTON BINGHAM.

'Twas at Pat McCarthy's wedding,
 A'l the boys and girls were there;
 There was feasting, there was flirting,
 And shillelaghs in the air;
 There was fiddling, too, and dancing,
 There was courting on the sly—
 Sure, to find a merrier party
 'T would have puzzled you to try.
 For the girls they were as pretty
 As a boy could wish to see;
 There was dark-eyed Ncrah Grady,
 And she smiled so sweet at me;
 But the one that took my fancy
 When the dancing did begin
 Was a sweet and dainty maiden
 With a dimple in her chin.

She had eyes like stars for brightness
 And as twinkling, only more,
 And she glanced at me demurely
 As the dancers took the floor.
 Then the fiddles started scraping,
 Sure, the room was gay to see,
 But the neatest and the sweetest
 Was the one that danced with me.

She'd a mouth just made for kisses,
 And a saucy little nose,
 And her cheek was like the velvet
 That you see upon the rose;
 She was lighter than a fairy,
 And her name was Katie Flynn,
 But my heart was fairly captured
 By the dimple in her chin!

Oh, I've kissed a few for pleasure,
 And I've flirted with a score,
 But I've took a solemn promise
 That I'll never do so more;
 I've no heart at all for flirting,
 For, as sure as Tim's my name,
 I have lost it now completely,
 And the dimple's all to blame!
 Oh, I've caught the fever badly,
 And it's cured I'll never be,
 And the girls may smile so sweetly,
 But they smile in vain at me;
 For, if I'd a hundred fortunes,
 I would give them all to win
 Just that sweet and dainty maiden
 With the dimple in her chin!



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THERE are indications that we may expect quite a group of plays written by lady dramatists. Now that Miss Ellen Terry has produced Miss Clo Graves's fantastic comedy, "The Mistress of the Robes," at the Court Theatre, Liverpool, the popular actress will, I understand, shortly submit the piece to London playgoers. Before that comes to pass, however, Miss Olga Nethersole—who will start a week at the Marlborough Theatre, Holloway, next Monday—will also produce a new play by a lady. This is "The Flute of Pan," which has been written by Mrs. Craigie, who is so widely known to novel-readers as "John Oliver Hobbes." Mrs. Craigie's play, which is modern, and has, I find, a touch or two of Tolstoyan interest, will be produced by Miss Nethersole at the Grand Theatre, Birmingham, next Monday week, the 23rd inst., with a view to its presentation at some West-End theatre in early February. In this play Miss Nethersole impersonates quite a nice, innocent heroine.

Another play penned by a member of that sweet sex which Mr. George Meredith has assured us will be "the last thing to be conquered on earth" is by Lady Troubridge, and is at present entitled "The Beautiful Mrs. Oakleigh." This drama is to be presented soon at a specially arranged West-End matinée by Miss May Pardoe, who proposes to tour with the play should its trial-trip prove sufficiently successful.

In addition to the above-named dramatic works by feminine authors, I have to name one, at present called "The Entertainer," written by Miss Martha Morton, who wrote "A Bachelor's Romance" for Mr. Hare a few years ago, and has since been silent as far as England is concerned. Miss Morton is, I understand, also about to submit to British-born playgoers a comedy entitled "The Truth-Tellers." To further add to the "female interest" in this matter, I may add that Miss Morton has based this play on the story of the same name by another lady, "John Strange Winter" to wit.

Moreover, I have to announce that Miss Helen Kinnaird, who, before she went travelling so much, was well known in our West-End theatres, has just finished a play which she (*pro tem.*) calls "Margaret Travers." To complete this list of lady-written plays, I have to mention yet another example, namely, "Honor," which is to be produced at the Kennington Theatre next Monday week. Of this play, however, only half (so to speak) has been written by a lady—Miss Alicia



MISS ISABEL JAY (MRS. HENRY CAVENDISH), NOW PLAYING IN "A COUNTRY GIRL" AT DALY'S.

Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

Ramsey, to be exact. The remainder is the work of Mr. R. de Cordova. But, stay! There is yet another lady-made play to come, namely,

Miss Constance Fletcher's drama, to be called "The Edge of the Storm," which Mr. Forbes-Robertson will produce immediately after his welcome return to England. Miss Fletcher (otherwise "George Fleming") adapted "The Light that Failed" for Mr. Forbes-Robertson.

One new play, however—and that in some measure the most important in a literary sense—that we are *not* to see this year, after all, is Mr. Stephen Phillips's Puritan *v.* Cavalier drama, *tempo* 1640-5. Mr. Willard, who is to play a sorely tempted Puritan General in this piece, now tells me that he cannot see his way to produce Mr. Phillips's drama to follow "The Cardinal," as he had thought. "The Cardinal" must run until Dec. 5, and then Mr. Willard's term at the St. James's will be so short that to produce any new play would be unfair to "All Concerned" (as rehearsal "calls" say). Mr. Willard, therefore, will follow Mr. Louis N. Parker's successful mediæval drama on Dec. 7 with a revival of Mr. J. M. Barrie's delightful little comedy, "The Professor's Love Story."

Owing to the extraordinary success just achieved by a very powerful and deeply interesting Jewish play written by Mr. J. James Hewson, entitled "Under the Canopy," and produced by Mr. Isaac Cohen at that huge Whitechapel playhouse, the Pavilion, generally known as "the Drury Lane of the East," there is, I understand, likely to be a big boom in Hebrew dramas.

Mr. Martin Harvey, who has been drawing enormous business on tour with the new Puritan-Cavalier drama, entitled "The Breed of the Treshams," in which he plays a rebel called "The Rat," will be at the Coronet Theatre, Notting Hill, all next week.

The designs which Mr. W. G. R. Sprague has made for those two forthcoming fine new theatres, the Waldorf and the Playhouse in Aldwych, are now complete and have been lodged with the London County Council. These theatres are being respectively built for Mr. Frank Curzon and Mr. Murray Carson:



MRS. J. H. LEIGH AS MIRANDA IN "THE TEMPEST," AT THE COURT THEATRE.

Photograph by Lallie Charles, Titchfield Road, N.W.

KEY-NOTES

THE most important concert of the past week was undoubtedly the Berlioz Celebration at the Queen's Hall, given under the direction of Dr. Richter. The programme was magnificently played, and a large audience received it with great enthusiasm. It would seem as if the world was at last beginning to realise the extreme importance in the realm of music of the position occupied by Hector Berlioz. For so long has Wagner ruled Western Europe that men had begun to forget the enormous debt which the German master owed to the French master, and critics excused themselves for acquiescing in the general opinion by the declaration that Berlioz was entirely lacking in melody. So wildly unjust is such a conclusion that one is reminded of a perfect parallel to it when Mozart first produced "The Magic Flute." It was said that the magnificent Overture to that work was entirely lacking in melody; even Berlioz, who was not a particular admirer of Mozart, has the same remark to make in his "Traité." It was a Nemesis upon the Frenchman that so long a period was to elapse before another verdict should have been passed upon himself.

The resurrection of that master in the world of art is indeed magnificently encouraging to those who, through bad and good report, have pressed his claims to be considered on the same level with the highest musical geniuses that the world has seen; and it will be amusing to watch the development of this movement, because, seeing how fickle a thing musical audiences are, it would appear to be almost inevitable that, if one may speak in the common parlance of a financial column, there is likely to be a slump in Wagner shares. To be quite frank, then, the extreme popularity of Wagner, which has been at fever-heat for so many years, seems likely to be tempered in the future with a certain amount of discretion. Richard Strauss, Edward Elgar, and now the renewed youth of Berlioz seem not unlikely somewhat to overshadow glorious Wagner. Time, however, will rearrange the equipoise of things in that slow and certain way which time has; but the cruelty of time is that too often the recognition which would have been so precious to the artist himself is awarded only to the name of a dead man.

The Monday Popular Concerts of last week, at which Professor Kruse and his little band of artists, with Mr. Leonard Borwick and Madame Yvonne Kerval, appeared, were not attended by so numerous an audience as they assuredly deserve. Brahms's Quartet in C Major (Op. 51, No. 1) for two violins, viola, and violoncello, led the concert off, perhaps, a trifle sombrely. By far the most interesting individual artist of the evening was Mr. Leonard Borwick,

whose exquisite delicacy of style, whose refined sense of touch, and whose musicianly appreciation of the best things in his art are altogether remarkable. One does not really know in what words which shall not be too superlative to praise his playing of Chopin's Polonaise in A-flat Major. We all, and rightly, wax enthusiastic over de Pachmann's Chopin-playing; but, without wishing to say anything exaggerated, one may honestly declare that Mr. Borwick comes not

very far behind de Pachmann in this curious and neuralgic province of art. It was the late Mr. W. E. Henley, who was a devout hater of Chopin's music, who, in a golden moment of wit, declared that Chopin was fit only to be played before neuralgic Duchesses. The point of that brilliant remark is quite clear, although, of course, its effect is one of great injustice. Chopin certainly realised in his music his own intensely nervous nature, and added thereto a peculiar sort of aristocratic refinement which has no parallel or counterpart in the writing of any other composer. Not for that reason does one rank him with Gluck, let us say, or Beethoven; but to be unrivalled in your own province of art is a very great feat to accomplish. Madame Kerval's singing was earnest and thorough, but its effect was precisely the opposite to that of Borwick's Chopin-playing. Her voice is inclined to be rather robust, but she obviously exerted herself to the utmost. It may be added that the programmes

might in some respects undergo marked improvement, a little point which has reference to the English translations of foreign songs. These two lines were actually submitted in all seriousness to an intelligent and artistic audience: "Oh, thou proud man, who killed (*sic*) the antelope Pale cavalier with eyes soft velvet black." It is very funny; but, as one has suggested, to give it as a serious rendering of a French song is an insult to the intelligent.

COMMON CHORD.

The first Ballad Concert of the season, at the St. James's Hall on Oct. 28, attracted a large audience, and the many well-known artists engaged by Messrs. Boosey received a warm welcome. Several new songs were introduced, two of these being sung by Miss Clara Butt (Mrs. Kennerley Rumford). Mr. William Henley was the violinist of the occasion, and Mr. Lane Wilson and Mr. Harold Wilde were among the vocalists. Miss Evangeline Florence and Miss Alice Holländer also sang, and a feature of the concert was the début in London of



SOUSA AND HIS DAUGHTERS EN ROUTE FOR AMERICA ON THE "CEDRIC."

Photograph by Atkins, Temple House, E.C.



MISS PAULINE HOOK (SOPRANO).

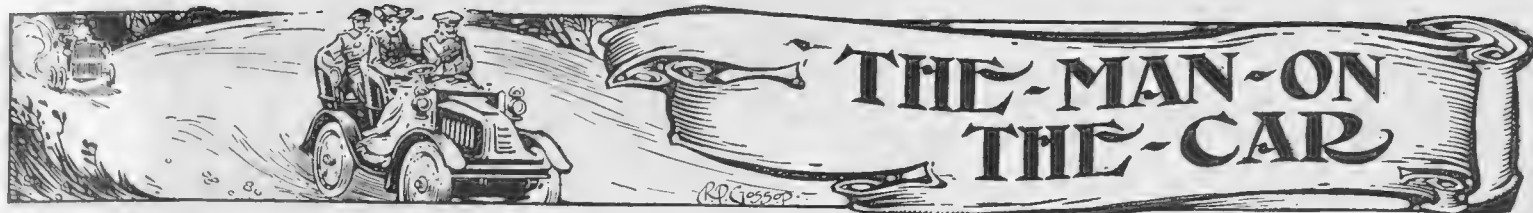


MISS ETHEL HOOK (CONTRALTO).

SISTERS OF MISS CLARA BUTT (MRS. KENNERLEY RUMFORD).

Photographs by Window and Grove, Baker Street, W.

Miss Pauline Hook (soprano) and Miss Ethel Hook (contralto), two sisters of Miss Butt. These young ladies are of attractive appearance and possessors of very agreeable voices which blended admirably in the duets that formed their contribution to the programme.

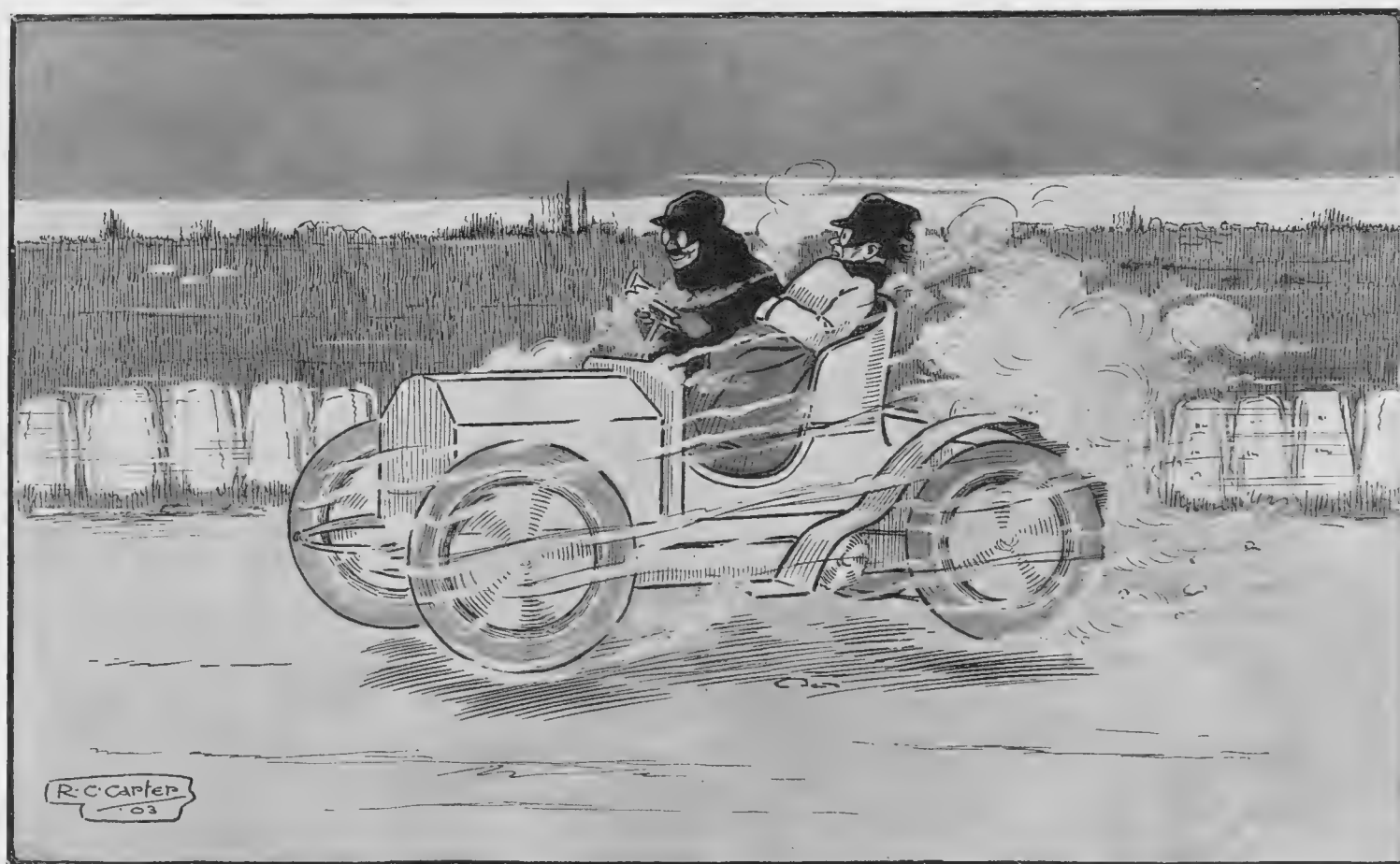


Marine Automobilism—The Motor Union—Width of Roads—Protection from Cold.

IF speed is to be altogether tabooed on the road, then those who crave for stress in the matter of progression will have to take to the water, until something reasonably secure and speedy is prepared for their use in the air. Marine automobilism—by which I would be understood to mean marine launch-racing—is a field that opens before enthusiasts sufficiently fraught with danger and excitement and devoid of police. Already, forty-foot racing-launches, engined by 50 horse-power explosion engines, have achieved a speed of nineteen knots per hour, and, by means of a boat under special design by Mr. Yarrow and to be most powerfully engined by Napier, we are next year to see this extraordinary water-speed left far behind. The sensation of driving on one of these flying launches is quite as exhilarating and not quite so blood-curdling as sitting on a 90 horse-power Mors and blazing through a hedged country. There is no boiler to burst, there are no farm-waggons to meet just round the

on payment of an annual subscription of a guinea, which should be sent to Mr. Rees Jeffreys, the Secretary, at 16, Down Street, Piccadilly.

The section in the Motor-Car Act 1903 which, subject to the approval of the Local Government Board, gives power to local bodies to prohibit the use of roads under sixteen feet in width to automobile traffic is, if Earl Russell's pronouncement upon the section is correct, likely to prove a less terrible motorphobe weapon in the hands of Bumbledom than was at first supposed. The width of sixteen feet is not to be assumed to be from margin to margin of the metalled surface, but from hedge to hedge (centre of cop to centre of cop, I presume), which will put a very different complexion upon sixteen-foot roads. Further, the Local Government Board will not sanction the barring even of such roads unless it can be shown that their passage by motor-cars is fraught with danger. Again, the local authorities must



[DRAWN BY R. C. CARTER.]

A GRAVE JOKE.

NOVICE: *I say, what a lot of tombstones! Are we passing through a cemetery?*

MOTORIST: *Those are not tombstones, Juggins! Those are milestones!*

corner, and, if anything does happen, you realise that an empty petrol-can clasped close to your manly bosom means salvation till the rescue-party comes along.

From the tone of the reports touching the intentions of pettifoggish local bodies and County Councils which are coming in from all over the country, it would seem that it is high time automobilists throughout the length and breadth of this land of ours realised that they must combine to meet the oppression with which they are threatened from all quarters. In view of the feeling with which the pastime is regarded and the uncertainty which surrounds the probable administration of the new Act, automobilists should no longer remain satisfied with things as they are, but should lose no time in stiffening by their adhesion an Association upon which the brunt of the fighting must fall. I refer to the Motor Union, which should boast the membership and keenest support of every automobilist in the country. Unity of intention and money and a big fight put up in every case of unreasonableness will quickly teach our would-be oppressors that they have a more powerful cult than cyclists to tackle. Any person of either sex can become a member of the Motor Union

erect notice-boards at the ends of such forbidden roads, and if they attempt to close any sixteen-foot road of importance the Local Government Board will call upon them to widen it.

No one who has driven much on the front-seat of a motor-car in winter will deny that it forms a very chilly perch. The cold is particularly felt in the lower limbs, no matter how carefully they may be swathed in rugs, &c., for the draughts cut in round the dash-board and across the foot-board, searching every cranny and crevice for ingress. Side-doors to the foot-board, such as are fitted to the Napier and other bodies, are a palliation; but the acme of comfort is an apron which is attached to the top of the dash-board, straps up to the seat close around the waists of the driver and his companion, and is formed with side-flaps fastening down with studs over such side-doors as I have already mentioned. So equipped, rugs can be dispensed with, as a volume of warm air is carried along in the enclosed space and all draughts are excluded. The best apron of this kind which I have yet seen is fitted to a 15 horse-power New Orleans car driven by Mr. Astell, and I believe that Mr. Claude Johnson, the late Secretary to the Automobile Club, has a similar arrangement.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

Winning Owners—Liverpool—The Derby Cup—Manchester—Newbury.

NOW that the close of the season is fast approaching, it is possible to conclude who will head the winning owners' list. Thanks to the aid of Rock Sand, Sir James Miller comes out an easy first, and it is a marvellous fact that Sir James is the only one of Blackwell's patrons who has been lucky. Although the popular Irish owner, Mr. John Gubbins, has won very few races, he is second on the list of winning owners. Ard Patrick, by winning the Eclipse Stakes and the Princess of Wales's Stakes, contributed the bulk of the profit, and his sale to the foreigners for twenty thousand pounds still added to Mr. Gubbins's riches. Sir J. Blundell Maple, whose illness we all deplore, stands an easy first in the number of races won, but the amount to his credit is small, and we should all like to see him owning one or two good classic performers. Mr. Leopold de Rothschild comes next to Sir Blundell in the matter of numbers, and he is far above the sporting Baronet in the sum won. Mr. W. Bass, the lucky owner of Sceptre, finishes in the first four, and I am glad to see Sir E. Cassel's name high up in the list.

It gives me the greatest possible pleasure to note that Messrs. Topham have made great improvements to the Stands and Rings at Aintree. Now, all they have to do is to attract big fields to make their fixture a real success. Why not adopt the Folkestone plan, and pay the railway-fare of all horses, lads, and trainers attending the meeting? This might have the desired effect. Handicaps do not pan out well at Aintree under the Rules of Racing, and I am afraid there will not be a very big field for the Liverpool Autumn Cup. Burses has a big chance on his Newmarket running. Bachelor's Button is a good horse, but he has been given a big weight which may stop him this time. Grey Tick is a taking horse and he must go close, while Happy Slave, if fit and well on the day, would not lack backing. From information received, I think my old favourite, Likely Bird, will win, and that easily, too. Grey Tick should get a place.

Mr. W. J. Ford is to be congratulated on the acceptance received for the Derby Gold Cup, though the weights have to be raised 6 lb. all round owing to the non-acceptance of Sceptre, who, by-the-bye, could hardly have scored under the welter of 10 st. over a straight mile. The handicap, as it stands, is a bit of a puzzle; but I expect many of the candidates will be backed on the day of the race, and once more I would suggest that speculators in doubt should wait until the numbers have gone up and then follow the favourite or the

best-backed horse at the moment. General Cronje has disappointed Mr. Prentice twice this year, but he is in here with 7 st. 5 lb., a taking weight and one that would admit of Madden riding. I expect the General to make a good fight of it. Pharisee is not out of the hunt with 7 st. 9 lb. Fariman, 8 st. 1 lb., has quite enough to carry for a three-year-old; but, if the horse could be sent to the post fit and well, the colt would not lack backing. Students of racing will note that Robert le Diable is the only one of Greusil's left in the race.

I was pleased to find the Manchester November Handicap closing at the second time of asking, and we ought to see a real good race,

as quality is well to the fore. Lord Rossmore, Caro, Kano, Wavelet's Pride, and War Wolf are very likely to be inquired after, while R. Marsh's best may be fancied, and surely the cruel luck experienced this year by the King's trainer must take a turn for the better soon. Marsh has at the present time a very moderate lot of horses under his charge; but I am glad to be able to state that the yearlings from Sandringham and elsewhere that he will prepare for their next year's engagements are a very promising lot. The dreadfully wet season we have just experienced has, I take it, been dead against successful training operations at Newmarket. Yet the Wiltshire Downs have a splendid record, as witness the victories of Ard Patrick, Sceptre, Grey Tick, Hackler's Pride, Ypsilanti, Cappa White, and Lady Drake. It should be further added that Drumcree was

trained for the Grand National at Cranborne, which lies only a few miles over the border of Wilts.

The new racecourse to be established at Newbury will, I am told, be simply perfect. The going is good and the situation is convenient, while the railway facilities are unbeatable. The course could easily be reached from Newmarket or any of the South Country stables in good time on the morning of race-days. Mr. John Porter, of Kingsclere, who has a hand in the establishment of the course, should know exactly what is wanted to make a meeting go, and it may be taken for granted that the Club to be started in connection with the meeting will command swell patronage, as Mr. Porter's partners in Kingsclere, the Duke of Portland, the Duke of Westminster, and Mr. J. Gretton, are certain to run horses at the new meeting. Newbury is just fifty-three miles from Paddington. With a real live manager—and management is everything—the Newbury Meeting should go well.—CAPTAIN COE.



1. AT KIRLING GATE. 2. THE PACK. 3. OFF TO THE COVERT.

THE OPENING MEET OF THE QUORN HOUNDS AT KIRLING GATE.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THE present month in this or any other year of grace is not generally accounted the ideal thirty days of the calendar, and when Edgar Allen Poe wrote about "chill November" it probably presented a decisive contrast to current Mays and Junes. It still does so, but in another and conflicting sense, for, since summer has shaken the dust of Britain from her skirts, the ides of May are but dust and ashes, while in our cheery Novembers both town and country are galvanised into at least a temporary activity. In the former, rosy-cheeked country cousins overrun the streets and shops on Christmas preparations intent, and even the whilom *blasé* citizen, "built up" by recent holidays, takes his theatres and restaurant-parties with a brisker air. In the latter, once more the joyous note of the huntsman splits the air and rouses the countryside into exhilarating chorus, while brown and golden bracken rustles under the stealthy flight of Master Reynard.

I have long held the belief that your real Londoner enjoys his *petits plaisirs* much more in early winter than at other seasons. There is a certain pleasure in meeting the familiar faces of friends after the two or three months' absence of holiday-making, and winter dinner-parties are less reunions of the *blasé* and bored than are Season assemblages of the sort. Apropos of dinner functions, one of the most novel and effective tables it has been my privilege to partake at was in the flat of a sporting bachelor friend some evenings since. The tablecloth, of a dull-green linen, to represent a field, had eight or ten miniature Japanese trees, which constituted a forest at once. A few dozen china hounds in full cry were brightened up by scarlet whippers-in. A boundary-wall of scarlet geraniums and golden birch-sprays enclosed the picture, which was lighted by "Cricklite"

But, returning to our muttons and for the benefit of matrons anxious for the best effects, I was struck by the picturesque possibilities of the "Cricklite" lamp on this occasion, and hastened to improve my mind next day at the headquarters, 132, Regent Street, where an important show-room has been opened for the purpose of displaying the



A BOLERO OF SEALSKIN WITH MUFF AND TOQUE TO MATCH.

lamps under scarlet silk shades, the menus and name-cards of the same vivid hue. It was a charming table and worthy the free and untrammelled bachelor imagination. Why, by the way, are married men so shorn of ideas? Their initiative is visibly inferior to that of the unattached male.



A HANDSOME SET OF CHINCHILLA.

"Cricklite" lamp in all forms and effects. Double-wick wax-lights give the soft, luminous glow which so intensifies the beauty of flowers, glass, and silver, both lamps and shades used with them being also the *specialties* of Clarke's Pyramid Company at Cricklewood, from which the name "Cricklite" is derived. Electric-light can, of course, be applied to the lamps, but anyone having used the actual wax-lights in question will not readily try a substitute, the "Cricklite" method of lighting a table being at once so simple in arrangement and absolutely satisfactory in use.

Reverting to the present passion of fashion, I am newly informed from Paris that a coming combination of colour in very smart gowns will be that union of imperial purple and shades of magenta-red which Nature shows us in the fuchsia flower, and the Catholic Church in the robes of great dignitaries on high days and holidays. I have already seen a Paquin hat made up of the two shades, which, like all Dame Nature's mixtures, lie down wonderfully well together. In gowns or cloaks I can imagine the effect as handsome but decidedly trying to the wintry complexion of these islands.

It seems ludicrous at first sight to receive invitations to luncheon from Leicestershire, Hampshire, and other more or less home counties nowadays. But really nothing is impossible to the facilities a motor offers, and when one can easily cover fifty miles in two or three hours, and keep within the law besides, why on earth should one not see the dear but no longer remote country cousins as often as may be? What vistas of once unimaginable experiences these hideous but magical machines make possible, to be sure, and how did our dear departed grand-parents exist in the times when it was so serious a matter to

journey from Cork to Dublin, *par exemple*, that it was found well to execute one's last will and testament before undertaking so momentous a distance? From the woman's point of view, one's single quarrel with the motor is that it is not alone intrinsically ugly, but condemns the voyageur to a more or less gruesome exterior *en suite*.

I discovered a coat quite recently which sheds not alone light but heat on the subject as well, inasmuch as it is not only a comfortable but conformable covering—a full-length tweed, with cape, high rolled collar, and cap to match, that has been registered by Fisher and Sons, the well-known tailors and Court dressmakers of 219, Regent Street. The "Napier" is, in fact, an ideal motor-coat, as the Fisher "Rainproof" contains similarly all the qualities of *chic*, comfort, and protection against weather onslaughts, as its name implies, that life in a climate like ours must demand. Both coats are the invention of Fisher and Sons, whose system of self-measurement is so perfect that from it people in many parts of this planet are kept supplied with up-to-date and thoroughly well-cut garments at a minimum of trouble and expense, combined with the maximum of smartness and elegant outline.

Everything comes to a waiting world in time, and it would appear from various *on dits* in the illustrated weekly papers as if the long-promised artificially made but real diamond was to be evolved from a chaos of carbon at last. Of course, the stones, so far, have been too small for any practical purpose. Still, it is interesting to think that artificially created diamonds may be in the scientific output of the century, though, doubtless, De Beers and the Kaffir Circus would not hail the event with rapture. Meanwhile, let all who pass this way pause to admire a latest creation of the Parisian

Diamond Company shown on this page. Three splendid square-cut emeralds are bordered with diamonds, making a tiny line of



A REGIMENTAL GOLF CUP FOR THE
"BLACK WATCH."

light about the central stones, which are connected by a ribbon-scroll, also done in small brilliants. The whole is attached to a chain of either diamonds or alternate emeralds. As one of the best of many exquisite novelties prepared for the forthcoming Christmas season, this jewel deserves very honourable mention. ..

SYBIL.

This beautiful sterling-silver regimental cup has been made to the order of the officers of the old 73rd Foot, now known as the 2nd Battalion of the "Black Watch," otherwise the "Royal Highlanders." The cup was designed and modelled by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, Limited, of Oxford Street, Regent Street, and Queen Victoria Street.

AN ARTISTIC
NECKLACE AND
PENDANT
MANUFACTURED BY
THE PARISIAN
DIAMOND COMPANY.



A NEW NOVEL.

There is a black Patti, so why should there not be a black Mario, who, we know on the authority of Owen Meredith, could, "with a tenor note, charm the souls in purgatory"? So Mr. Leonard Merrick may well have argued, and the result is the "Quaint Companions," an exceedingly clever and original novel which marks a further advance in the development of the author of "The Actor-Manager," "The Worldlings," and other well-known

stories. Tragedy—the tragedy of human souls, of men and women who live and love and suffer and die in this workaday world of ours; not the tragedy of the past, with its crowns, velvets, and tinsel, that failed to move us—that is the dominating result of the story, as it must inevitably be when black and white meet and mate. Tolerant

though individuals may be, and quite heedless of the colour-line which is still the cause of so much crime on the other side of the Atlantic, the general feeling of the world is that "like should to like," and marriage between a negro and a white is not possible of happiness until the lion lies down with the lamb. The outcome of the strongly marked characters, which are drawn in masterly fashion and with so much originality and force by Mr. Merrick, is a story which engrosses the attention from start to

finish. More than that no author can well produce, however skilled he may be in playing on the harp of the human soul. More than that no reader can desire, however fastidious his taste and exigent his demands.

MISS ADA CROSSLEY IN AUSTRALIA.

Miss Ada Crossley is in Australia, and, from all accounts, is meeting with triumphant success. The people of Australia seem to be of an enthusiastic turn, for it is not so long since we heard all the stories about the crowds that followed Melba wherever she went, as though they were the little lamb of Little Mary, crowds which performed such extraordinary antics as dragging her carriage about the streets without any horses, a proceeding which must have given jogging discomfort to the prima donna. Miss Crossley is also an artist of the first rank, and, no doubt, deserves the enthusiasm of audiences who appear by nature to be ultra-enthusiastic.



THE TWO LOAVES SHOWN BY MR. CHAMBERLAIN DURING HIS SPEECH AT BINGLEY HALL, BIRMINGHAM, LAST WEDNESDAY.

NO. 1. THE SIZE OF THE PRESENT LOAF. NO. 2. THE ESTIMATED SIZE OF THE FUTURE LOAF IF MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S PROPOSALS ARE CARRIED OUT.

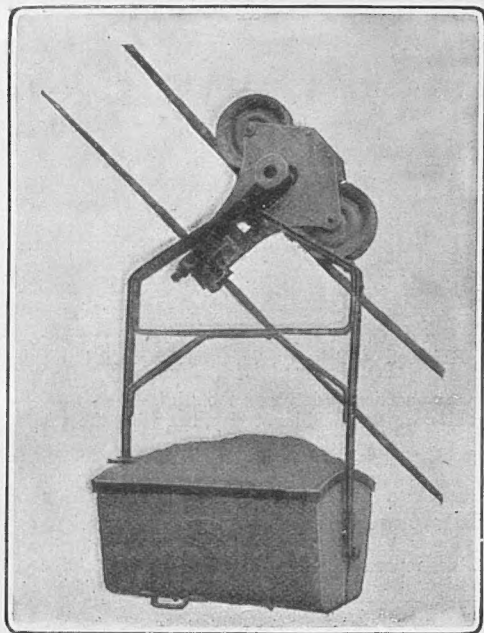
Photograph by Whitlock, Birmingham.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Nov. 24.

BIRD'S-EYE VIEWS.

LOOKING round the Stock Exchange markets as a whole, there is not very much that strikes the observer as promising for business in the immediate future. Consols, with their kith and kin, are bound to be affected by the hesitation still felt in regard to the Bank Rate. In which connection, the impartial citizen is



FAMATINA COPPER: A ROPEWAY CAR TO CONTAIN ORE.

somewhat amused by the absolute certainty professed by those on both sides of the question, Will the Bank Rate be raised, or will it remain at 4 per cent. for the rest of the year? The money situation, of course, adds a fresh drop of bitterness to the Home Railway cup, already brimming with unhappiness at the thought of fresh capital issues. Paris supports Argentine and Brazilian bonds, and the Argentine Railway prices march with those of the country's securities; but Mexican Rails are dull, thanks in part to the muddle which has occurred over the traffic publication for the first three of the current

six months. Kaffirs keep stupidly idle, and Rhodesians hang upon their train, while the West Australian animation is fanned simply by the professionals, the public wisely refraining from further acquaintance with the discredited market.

GRAND TRUNKS.

What the Grand Trunk Market is mostly concerned with at the moment is not so much the state of the line as that of the account open in the various stocks. Too many speculators are still running Trunk Thirds and Ordinary upon margin with their bankers, and, in any market, this kind of position assumes a threatening aspect directly financial troubles arise in the air. The line may be trusted to do well for a long time to come. A slight falling-off in the traffics may possibly make itself felt during November and December, although, in the absence of blizzards and suchlike disturbances, we are inclined to think that there remains plenty of traffic for these two months, inasmuch as a large proportion of the Canadian farmers have postponed the sale of their produce in the hope of getting better prices. Given reasonably good traffics, we should say that the three junior stocks are quite good enough to lock up at present levels, although here, as in practically every other market round the Stock Exchange, the possible prospect of a further slight decline must be faced. There is too much weak stock about for the market to be a really stable one, and new purchasers have become chary by reason of the blocks which appear for sale on every rise. Accordingly, while Trunks are good for speculative investment purposes, they may cause disappointment to buyers who operate merely for differences.

MINING IN ARGENTINA.

Some months ago, we were severely cross-examined by a correspondent on account of a suggestion which we made as to the possibilities presented by the Argentine Republic in the way of mining enterprise. This week we are able to supply ocular demonstration of the fact that British capital is already making itself at home amongst the mines of the Silver Republic. The Famatina Development Corporation, although in its infancy, is pushing ahead in a way which will probably lead in no long time to the attention of this country being turned with keen interest to the copper propositions of the Argentine. On this spur of the Andes, the Famatina Mountains, copper-mining is being carried on at an altitude in some cases higher than that of Mont Blanc. Recognising the value of the industry, the Argentine Government are constructing an aerial railway for the purpose of carrying the ore from the mines to the smelters, and when this is completed and the present costly system of mules done away with, the expense of transit will be reduced from forty-five shillings per ton to about five shillings. No attempt has been made to create a Stock Exchange market in Famatina shares, and the work, so far, is practically all in private hands, but such a promising light is not usually allowed to remain under a bushel for long.

FINANCE AND LOCAL POLITICS.

Now that the effervescence produced by the Borough Council elections has had plenty of time to subside, a little quiet reflection upon the possible results in connection with finance may be urged upon those gentlemen entrusted with the local government in the London Boroughs. The Moderates themselves are not entirely free from the suspicion that they fail to keep that strict watch upon expenditure which is so necessary if the credit of their district is to be maintained in the Money Market. Times will come, we may suppose, to every borough when loans must be resorted to for this purpose or for that, and the local politicians will find in those days the financial value of thrifty and substantial policy in the guidance of affairs under their control. Districts could be named in London where extravagance has grown into a byword, with disastrous effects to the credit of the place. Others might be mentioned where the spread of a mania for municipalising everything has been attended with very similar results. Laying party questions on one side altogether, a hope may be expressed that the progress of the Progressives will bring in its train more sober, more judicious ideas in regard to the questions of finance, otherwise the day will assuredly come when even the present comparatively high rates of interest offered by municipal bodies will be contemptuously rejected by the man with the money.

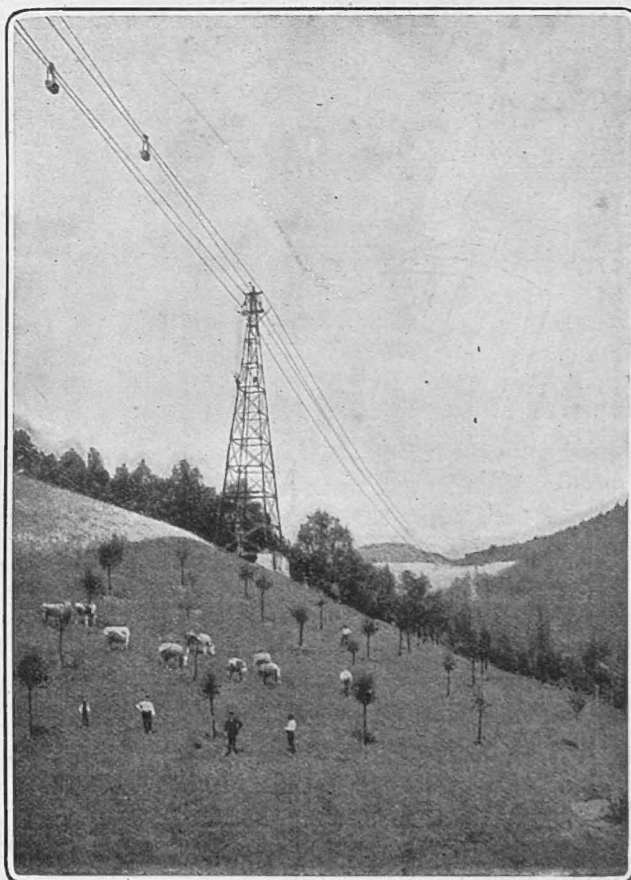
BROKEN HILL LETTER.

The following letter from our Broken Hill Correspondent gives the state of affairs on the great silver field since the break-up of the drought. We have often pointed out that lead rather than silver is the principal product of the mines, and the letter brings this fact into great prominence.

Broken Hill, Sept. 27.

When I wrote last, Broken Hill was afflicted by a water-famine. The water-famine is now a thing of the past. Rain came along quite unexpectedly, continued, and the reservoir that supplies the town has now sufficient water in it to keep everything going for two years. It contains over 1,600,000,000 gallons, and the average consumption per month is 16,000,000 gallons, with a loss by evaporation and otherwise equal to one in three, totalling, say, 64,000,000 gallons per annum. Moreover, the mines' dams have taken in enough water to keep them all supplied for months, while the use of steam-condensers means a great economy. For instance, the Proprietary one recent day used 134,000 gallons of water for its boilers; after the condensation of the steam, the return was 108,000 gallons. The other mines effect a proportionate saving, and the saving in the water is necessarily a saving in expenditure. The water-famine has had this result—it has taught the mines how to use the water they have to better advantage than hitherto. Strange to say, each set-back the Barrier has had in recent years has led to the adoption of valuable economies.

Following atop of the cessation of the water-famine came the victory of the Mines in the arbitration case brought by the Miners' Association against the Proprietary Company (which stood godfather in the matter for the other mines). The men wanted higher wages and shorter hours, and a few other things. The "other things" were granted by the Proprietary without any grumbling, but the Arbitration Court sat heavily on the request for increased wages and more play-time. While admitting that the Proprietary had done exceedingly well, the Court expressed the opinion that the other mines had not; and it couldn't see the equity of having one set of wages for one mine and another for the others. So it declined to make a "common rule," and ordered that the prevailing wages and hours should continue. This award lasts for



AERIAL RAILWAY FOR ARGENTINE COPPER-MINING: FAMATINA DEVELOPMENT CORPORATION.

**THE WHISKY
OF
PERFECT PURITY.**